MAY 1916

BOOKMAN

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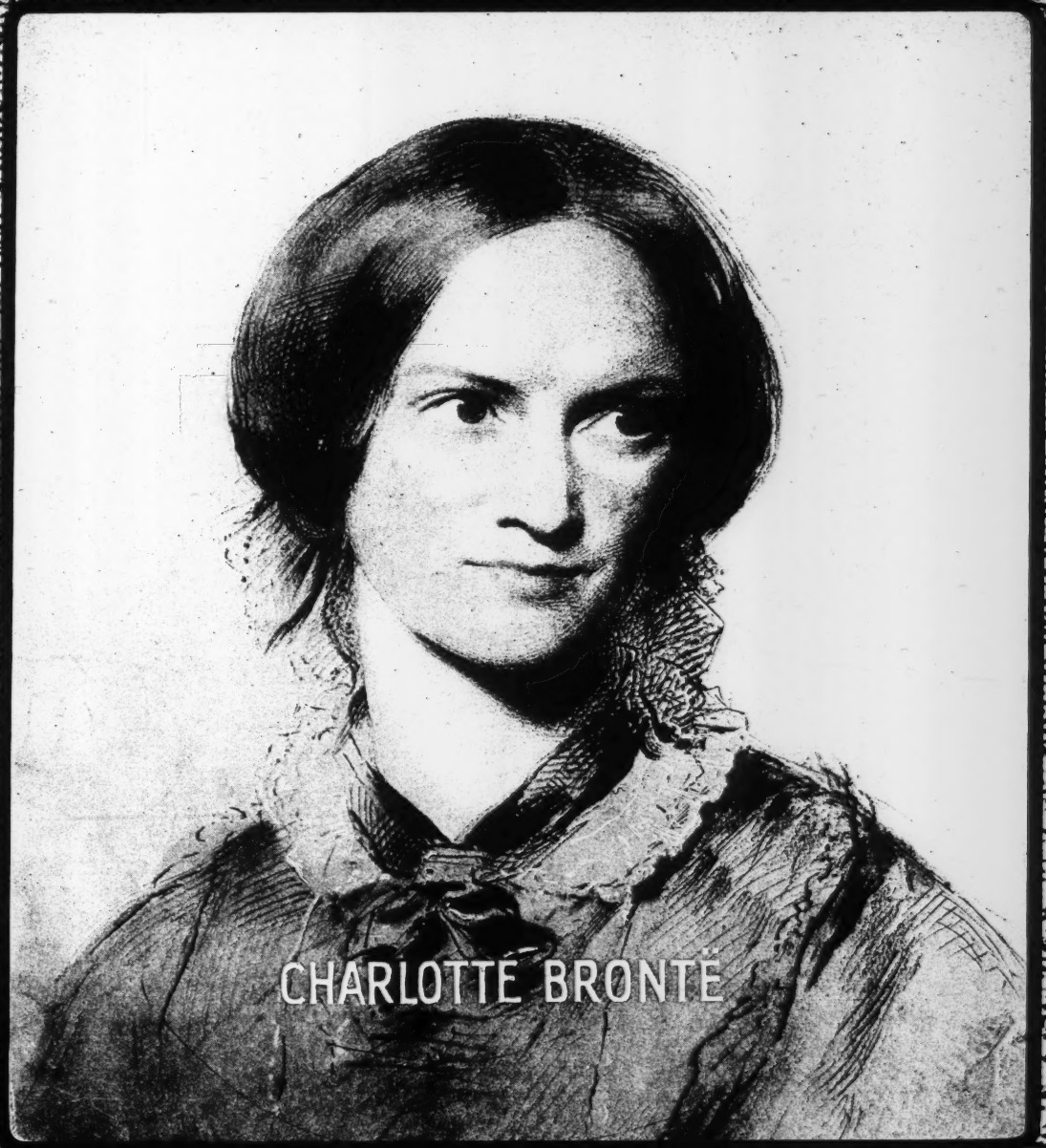

CHARLOTTE BRONTË

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THE GREATEST EVENT IN CANADIAN HISTORY. By J. M. HARPER, Author of "The Montgomery Siege," etc. Price 6/-

The Battle of the Plains of Abraham stands out as a memorable event in the history of the world, being not only the most important event in the history of Canada, but an achievement of the highest moment in the military annals of the British Empire as well. And the celebration of its occurrence on the immediate outskirts of the city of Quebec, by the issue of such a volume as this, cannot but be of interest to the King's subjects in every part of the British possessions.

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The Bookman.

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All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

Our thanks are due to Miss F. C. Carey, of Nottingham, for notes we have made use of in our article on Philip James Bailey, and to Mr. Clement Shorter for the loan of one of our Charlotte Brontë illustrations.

The fourth volume of the "Life of Benjamin Disraeli," which Mr. G. E. Buckle is editing in succession to the late W. F. Monypenny, will be published by Mr. Murray early this month. It carries the record of Disraeli's career down to the year 1868, when he became Prime Minister. A fifth and final volume is in preparation.

"The Sailor," a new novel by Mr. J. C. Snaith, is to be published immediately by Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co.

Messrs. Dent are publishing "The Principles of Military Art for Officers of all Ranks," by Major Sir Francis Fletcher Vane, Bart. Sir Francis, who numbers Cromwell's Sir Harry Vane among his ancestors, is one of the best of good Socialists, and has done yeoman service in the training of recruits since the war began. In this manual of his he leaves technical details to the ordinary text-books, and concerns himself mainly with placing before young officers the principles of military art, laying particular stress on the need of feeding the souls of soldiers as well as their bodies.

Mr. Cope Cornford's new book, "The Secret of Consolation," which Messrs. Williams & Norgate are publishing, is one that should, in these days, make a wide appeal. It is concerned with life here and hereafter, and seeks to answer questions that have been raised in many minds by the experiences of the Great War.

"Serbia in Shadow and Light," by the Rev. Nicolai Velimirovic, D.D., which Messrs. Longmans are publishing, comprises a series of lectures on Serbia, a selection of Serbian proverbs, and translations of some Serbian folk-songs. Dr. Velimirovic is a Priest of the Serbian Orthodox Church and served as Chaplain with the Serbian Army in the early part of the war.

Mrs. D. C. F. Harding, whose new novel "Oranges and Lemons" Messrs. Cassell are publishing, is the only daughter of Countess Rose and the late Count

Photo by Dorothy Hickling. **D. C. F. Harding (Mrs. Graham Harding),** author of "Oranges and Lemons" (Cassell).

Max Hollender. Her father, descendant of an old Belgian family, was a well-known journalist in Paris. Mrs. Harding has been writing since she was a child, and at the age of twelve won a prize in a "best short story" competition. She wrote many of the "Vain Tales" for *Vanity Fair*; and has contributed a large number of short stories to other magazines. Her two earlier novels, "The Great Experiment" and "Affairs of Men," met with a very favourable reception; and her drama "The Fixed Idea," scored a considerable success when it was produced at the Royal Court Theatre.

Photo by Dover Street Studios. **Bey Somerville,** whose new novel, "The Passing of Nahla" (Duckworth), is reviewed in this number.

Mr. Charles M. Doughty, whose new poem "The Titans" has just been published by Messrs. Duckworth, rose into prominence with his great epic in six volumes, "The Dawn in Britain," in 1908. In the same year he gave us "Adam Cast Forth," and a year later "The Cliffs," that in glowingly patriotic verse seemed—or seems now—to foreshadow the present war. "The Titans" was in type before the war, which has delayed its appearance, began—the Titans themselves standing for those untamed Elemental Powers of which in these days we are hearing so much. Mr. Doughty is the youngest

Mr. Charles M. Doughty.

son of a country gentleman of moderate estate in Suffolk. He is descended through his mother from the ancient Yorkshire family of Hotham. Left an orphan in childhood he was, at thirteen, given a nomination for a naval cadetship, but failed to pass the medical examination. After completing his education at Cambridge, he spent many years in other countries—was for ten years in the East—studying their languages and manner of life. Since he reached manhood his aim has been, in his own words, "that my life might be of some service to my country through the study and perhaps employment of her language—and that especially as expressed by Edmund Spenser. To this I have entirely devoted my time now for fifty years." Mr. Doughty is at present engaged on a new poem which treats of our human destiny and the Riddle of the World.

The two newest additions to Mr. Humphrey Milford's "World's Classics" series are an interesting

collection of "English Critical Essays," by nineteenth century writers, and an anthology of "English Prose: Narrative, Descriptive and Dramatic." Both books are admirably compiled and edited, the first by Edmund D. Jones, the latter by H. A. Treble.

Mr. John Murray is publishing immediately "Jan and her Job," a new novel by Mrs. L. Allen Harker, author of "Miss Esperance and Mr. Wycherley."

Mr. Egbert Sandford.

Mr. Egbert Sandford, whose "Brookdown," in the Little Book of Georgian Verse series (Erskine Macdonald), is now in its second edition, is a Royal Naval Dockyard man. Mrs. Meynell has paid high tribute to "the imagination and fiery sincerity of his verse."

After a successful career of fourteen years, *T.P.'s Weekly* is extending its programme and changing its name, but will remain under the same proprietorship and with its present able conductor, Mr. Holbrook Jackson, still in the editorial chair. The first number on the new lines, and bearing the new title of *To-Day and T.P.'s Weekly*, will be published on the 6th instant.

Mr. Galloway Kyle, who succeeds Mr. Stephen Phillips as editor of the *Poetry Review*, has been connected with the Poetry Society since its formation seven years ago. In this month's issue of the

Mr. Galloway Kyle.

Review he is publishing Mme. Sarah Bernhardt's remarkable dramatic episode, "From the Stage to the Field of Honour."

The publishing business of Messrs. Headley Bros., which has for twenty years been at Devonshire House, Bishopsgate, has recently come under new management and has now been transferred to more commodious premises in Kingsway House, Kingsway. The business is being enlarged, and its scope widened to embrace the publication of all kinds of general literature.

Major Haldane MacFall,

now on service with the Sherwood Foresters. His latest book, "War," a handbook on military tactics, is published by Messrs Simpkin, Marshall.

It is over thirty years since "Rita" published her first novel, and the success of her latest, "The Iron Stair" (Putnams) is a gratifying proof of the hold she retains on a public that is generally stigmatised as fickle. We understand that two large editions of the book have been exhausted here and in America, and it is being reprinted in both countries.

A leading authority on the American publishing trade recently remarked that the second-rate novel has less chance in America to-day than it had twenty years ago because, though there is an enormous novel-reading public in the United States, they have now an ample supply of first-rate native novelists. They have also enough inferior novels of their own to make the importation of any such an unprofitable venture. "The mere sex novel, however clever it may be," he says, "will find no market there nowadays. But the English book of every other kind appeals to the American bookbuyer—biography, travel, essay, poetry, fiction—provided it is really good. Moreover, in America they know how to sell books; there are no circulating libraries, and the big book-stores are not only thoroughly well stocked with every description of literature, old and new, but are tastefully and comfortably upholstered, so that you may go in and pick and choose and linger to sample a book before you lay out your money on it. Your English bookshops have got the goods all right, but they don't seem to offer the same genial invitation to a diffident customer to go right in and look for it inside if he does not see what he wants in the window. America has learned a good deal from you, but I sometimes think there are a few things you might learn from America—especially in the matter of how to sell books."

Photo by J. E. Shaw & Son, Huddersfield.

Flight-Commander Frank H. Shaw.

"Atlantic Nights," Captain Frank H. Shaw's volume of sea stories, is now published by Messrs. Cassell. Captain Shaw, after touring the oceans in almost every kind of vessel that is made, finished his sailoring as Captain of a Cunard liner. He joined Kitchener's Army as a Captain in the Army Service Corps, but as this did not furnish him with enough excitement he got transferred to the Air Service, and now, as Flight-Commander Shaw, is Hun-hunting somewhere in Flanders.

Mr. Erskine Macdonald is publishing shortly a small anthology of original poems by members of the London teaching profession.

A book that should be of particular service to collectors and librarians is a "Bibliography of the first editions of Thomas Hardy" that has been compiled by Henry Danielson. Messrs. Allen & Unwin are publishing it very shortly.

M. Christian Mallet, the author of "Impressions and Experiences of a French Trooper, 1914–15," which Messrs. Constable are publishing, is the son of M. Etienne Mallet, the well-known Paris banker.

Rita's Study.

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

SHEILA KAYE-SMITH.

BY W. L. GEORGE.

I DO not know whether this is a compliment, but I should not be surprised if a reader of, say "Starbrace" or "Sussex Gorse," were to think that Sheila Kaye-Smith is the pen-name of a man. Just as one suspects those racy tales of guardsmen, signed "Joseph Brown" or "George Kerr," of originating from some scented boudoir, so does one hesitate before the virility, the cognisance of oath and beer, of rotating crop, sweating horse, account book, vote and snickersnee that Sheila Kaye-Smith exhibits in all her novels. This is broader, deeper than the work of the women novelists of to-day, who, with the exception of Amber Reeves, are confined in a circle of eternally compounding pallid or purple loves. One side of her work, notably, surprises, and that is the direction of her thoughts away from women, their great and little griefs, towards men and the glory of their combat against fate. Sheila Kaye-Smith is more than any of her rivals the true novelist: the showman of life.

Yet she is a woman. You will imagine her as seeming small, but not so; very thin, with a grace all made of quiescence, her eyes grey and retracted a little, as if always in pain because man is not so beautiful as the earth that bore him, because he fails in idealism, falls away from his hopes and cannot march but only shamble from one eternity into another. There is in her a sort of cosmic choler restrained by a Keltic pride that is ready to pretend a world made up of rates and taxes and the 9.2 train to London Bridge. Afire within, she will not allow herself to "commit melodrama." In "Isle of Thorns" her heroine, Sally Odiarne, so describes her attempt to murder her lover, and I like to think of Sheila Kaye-Smith's will leashing the passion that strains. I like even more to think of the same will giving rein to anger, of a converse cry: "Commit melodrama! I jolly well shall! I'm justabout sick of things!"

"Justabout!" That word, free-scattered in the speech of her rustics, is all Sussex. For Sheila Kaye-Smith has given expression to the county that from the Weald spreads green-breasted to meet the green sea. In all the novels is the slow Sussex speech, dotted with the kindly "surelye," the superlative "unaccountable"; women are "praaper," ladies "valiant," troubles "tedious." It has colour, it is true English, unstained of Cockneyism and American. It is the speech of the oasthouse, of the cottage on the marsh, of the forester's hut in Udimore Wood, where sings the lark and rivulets flow like needles through the moss.

Assez de littérature! Sheila Kaye-Smith is not a painter, even though with dew diamonds the thornbush she spangle. Her Sussex is male: it is not the dessicated Sussex of the modern novelist with a dirty neck, but the Sussex of the smuggler, of the Methodist, the squire; the Sussex where men sweat, and read no books. Old Sussex, and the Sussex of to-day which some think was created by the L.B. & S.C. Railway, she loves them both, and in both has found consolation, but I think she loves best the old. It was old Sussex made her first novel, "The Tramping Methodist." Old Sussex bred its hero, Humphrey Lyte. He was a picaresque hero, the young rebel, for he grew enmeshed in murder and in love, in the toils of what England called justice in days when the Regent went to Brighton. But Lyte does not reveal Sheila Kaye-Smith as does "Starbrace." Here is the apologia for the rebel: Starbrace, the son of a poor and disgraced man, will not eat the bread of slavery at his grandfather's price. You will imagine the old man confronted with this boy, of gentle blood but brought up as a labourer's son, hot, unruly, lusting for the freedom of the wet earth. Starbrace is a fool, disobedient, he is to be flogged. He escapes among the smugglers on Winchelsea marsh, to the wild world of the mid-eighteenth century. It is the world of fighting, and of riding, of blood, of excisemen, of the "rum pads" and their mistresses, their dicing and their death. Despite his beloved, Theodora Straightway, lady who fain would have him gentleman, Starbrace must ride away upon his panting horse, Pharisee. Love as he may, he cannot live like a rabbit in a hutch; he must have danger, be taken, cast into a cell, be released to die by the side of Pharisee, charging the Pretender's bodyguard at Preston-pans. All this is fine, for she has the secret of the historical novel; to show not the things that have changed, but those which have not.

"Starbrace" is, perhaps, Sheila Kaye-Smith's most brilliant flight, but not her most sustained. She has had other adventures in literature, such as "Isle of Thorns," where Sally Odiarne wanders with

Camera portrait by Hugh Cecil.

Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith.

From a drawing by Mrs. Bertram Christian.

Wrapper design for Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith's new novel "Sussex Gorse" (*Nisbet*).

Stanger's travelling show, hopelessly entangled in her loves, unable to seize happiness, unable to give herself to the tender Raphael, bound to good-tempered, sensual Andy, until at last she must kill Andy to get free, kill him to escape to the sea and die. But she finds God:

"She had come out to seek death, and had found life. Who can stand against life, the green sea that tumbles round one's limbs and tears up like matchwood the breakwaters one has built? There, kneeling in the surf and spray, Sally surrendered to life."

Sheila Kaye-Smith has not surrendered to life, though the weakness of her may be found in another book, "Three Against the World," where the worthless Furlonger family can but writhe as worms drying in the sun. The vagary of her mind is in such work as criticism: shortly her study of John Galsworthy will be published, and it will be good to see what the passionate angry has made of the passionate mournful. But she was destined for finer tasks. Already in "Spell Land," the story of a Sussex farm where lived two people, driven out of the village because they loved unwed, she had given a hint of her power to see not only man but the earth. She has almost stated herself in "Sussex Gorse."

I have read many reviews of this book; I am tired of being told it is "epic." It is not quite; it has all the grace that Zola lacked in "La Terre," but if the beauty is anything it is Virgilian, not Homeric. The scheme is immense, the life of Reuben Backfield, of Odiam, inspired in early youth with the determination to possess Boarzell, the common grown with gorse and firs, the fierce land of marl and shards where naught save gorse could live. The opening is a riot, for the Enclosures Act is in force and the squire is seizing the people's land. In that moment is born Reuben's desire; Boarzell shall be his. He buys some acres and his struggle is frightful; you see his muscles bulging in his blue shirt, you smell his sweat, you hear the ploughshare gripped with the stones, teeth biting teeth. For Boarzell Common is old crafty and savage, and would foil man. Reuben is not foiled; he can bear all things, so can dare all things. He buys more land; there shall be on his farm no pleasure so that he may have money to crush Boarzell. His brother, Harry, is struck while Reuben blows up the enemy trees, and haunts his life, a horrible, idiot figure; his wife, Naomi, ground down by forced child-bearing (for Boarzell needs men and Reuben sons) dies. His six sons, devoid of the money Boarzell takes, leave him; one becomes a thief, another a sailor, another a sot in London, another a success; all leave him, even his daughters; one to marry a hated rival farmer, one to love because Reuben forbade love, and to end on the streets. He loses all, he loses his pretty second wife, he loses Alice Jury whom alone he loved, he loses the sons that Rose gave him. He gives all to Boarzell, to fighting it for seventy years, sometimes victor, sometimes crushed, for Boarzell is evil and fierce:

"It lay in a great hush, a great solitude, a quiet beast of power and mystery. It seemed to call to him through the twilight like a love forsaken. There it lay: Boarzell—strong, beautiful, desired, untamed, still his hope, still his battle."

There are faults, here and there, horrid clichés; Sheila Kaye-Smith loves the stars too well, and often indulges in horrid astronomic orgies; there is not enough actual combat with the earth; the author intervenes, points to the combat instead of leaving at grips the two beasts, Reuben and Boarzell. She has not quite touched the epic, yet makes us want to resemble the hero, fierce, cruel, but so great when old and alone, still indomitable. And one wonders what she will do, what she will be. There are lines in her poems, "Willow's Forge," that prophesy; the moment may be enough:

"When the last constellations faint and fall,
When the last planets burst in fiery foam,
When all the winds have sunk asleep, when all
The worn way-weary comets have come home—
When past and present and the future flee,
My moment lives!"

She may strive no more, as she proposes to the seeker in "The Counsel of Gilgamesh":

"Why wander round, Gilgamesh?
Why vainly wander round?
What canst thou find, O seeker,
Which hath not long been found?
What canst thou know, O scholar,
Which hath not long been known?
What canst thou have, O spoiler,
Which dead men did not own?"

But I do not think so. I do not know whether she will be great. It is enough that to-day she is already alone.

THE READER.

THE REAL CHARLOTTE.

By Katharine Tynan.

I AM writing in a room which for many years contained Charlotte's pictures and books and samplers and china, the things she made with her hand, the things her eye rested upon, the matters of her household plenishing for that wedded life which was to be brief, which hides itself behind a veil. That veil may have hidden only radiance, though one feels drabness. Charlotte, who would have adored a Viking, tied to an Irish curate; an Irish curate of early Victorian days!

She was the "onlie begetter" of the woman's hero in fiction, the Viking. Marriage by capture must have been the ideal of her great yet shrinking heart, else she would not have created Rochester, and founded a school—*longo intervallo*—which had an immense vogue during the maidenly Victorian days, and has now no successors.

So many things have been written about Charlotte—there is only one Charlotte—that nothing remains to be added. A great many brilliant and interesting minds have spent themselves upon Charlotte, and more and more they flock to the solving of her enigma, so that one suspects the shallowness of one's own mind when one cannot see that there is an enigma at all. If there is it would be a work of supererogation to fling yet another stone in that cairn, to make a new theory or to elaborate the old ones.

The Brontë cult has sprung up within my memory. I am not sure that one did not see Jane—no, I mean Charlotte—more clearly, having read "Jane Eyre" and Mrs. Gaskell, than when one had read through the many speculative books concerning the lonely spinster of Haworth. I am not sure that succeeding writers, however brilliant, however loving and reverent, have not darkened our understanding of the real Charlotte. I believe she could have stood by "Jane Eyre"—that book, partly autobiographical, partly her life as she would have made it if but she could have escaped—not to the arms of an Irish curate. What she lived, what she would have lived: "Jane Eyre" holds these two, and for me it is enough.

I will confess—I read "Jane Eyre" when I was thirteen, and again and again till, I suppose, the book must have fallen to pieces, about my eighteenth or nineteenth year. I have never read it since. Some time during those years I read also "Shirley," "Villette" and "The Professor," as well as "Wuthering Heights" and "The Tenant of Wildfell Hall," all with an absorption and a living, passionate interest, such as belong to those days of lonely childhood and young girlhood. I was leading a life nearly as lonely as that of Haworth, and melancholy with the neuralgia of the head and the heart which comes to young people who live mainly on dreams and tea. "Jane Eyre" lives in my mind like a quivering and passionate flame: like a red rose, greater and more beautiful than any rose ever was yet. These splendours shine still against a background of lonely fields, where, in a low, thatched house, for some years, two young girls kept house or did not keep house together, with one old woman-servant to look after them, and an occasional flying visit from a father too harassed by the cares of a big business to be what he was in the tranquil years. The life which was to be so full and so happy for one was not even yet on the horizon; and she would have asked nothing better of the future than days and nights of infinite leisure in which she should pore over an endless procession of books, as like to "Jane Eyre" as possible.

Charlotte Brontë
From the painting, now in the National Portrait Gallery, by George Richmond, R.A.

To come to my confession. I read "Shirley," and I don't remember what it was about beyond that the early chapter, or chapters, was, or were concerned with curates. I liked "Shirley," I know; but it is somehow mixed up in my mind with other books I was reading

at the same time—with Mrs. Gaskell's "North and South" and "Sylvia's Lovers," with Trollope's Barchester books, with others. I cannot clearly disentangle them. I am almost as hazy about "Villette"; "The Professor" I found dull. What has remained in my mind over all the years is "Jane Eyre." And with "Jane Eyre" that unearthly book, surely the greatest ever written by woman, "Wuthering Heights." "Wuthering Heights" is to me hardly a book. It becomes part of one's life, never quite to be forgotten, to be laid away. The mere memory of it sets one's heart-strings answering as though a wild wind played on them.

I have talked of Charlotte's Viking, and "the onlie begetter." Let me go back and say that I was wrong. Surely Rochester was the Corsair and Byron "the onlie begetter." Byron was still the Romantic Spirit of Europe in Charlotte's impressionable years. Rochester reflected the Corsair, and Charlotte's genius added the Viking touch. Jane Eyre was wooed as Charlotte would have been wooed. One wonders at the temerity of the Irish curate who stepped into the shoes of the dream-lover Charlotte would have summoned if her wild heart could have had its way.

To be sure, Charlotte was the daughter of an Irish parson who is about as great an enigma to his daughter's lovers as she herself. The father of Emily and Charlotte, to say nothing of the much-discussed, probably much-wronged Branwell—for his case was considered by a tribunal about as much fitted to judge as a jury of single women—I had almost written "nuns," but remembered that in my experience nuns are far more broad-minded than the majority of maiden ladies in the world—must have been a very untypical parson. He was no better and no worse than the other early and mid-Victorian fathers who, like the cuttle-fish, exuded a fluid, inky-black, which darkened their atmosphere. Probably the poor man was as little fitted for Haworth Parsonage as his amazing family. Probably they fretted each other beyond all telling. Genius is gey ill to live wi'—and genius in such circumstances—frozen by penury, suffering from ill-health and an unbearable solitude, in wild and lonely surroundings! The Roaring 'Forties—the 'Thirties, the 'Fifties—let us take the 'Forties as a type—was a bad time for the middle-classes, if the fiction of that time represents contemporary history at all faithfully. A certain mouldiness in the books that deal with the refined middle-class life—a certain hardness and briskness, as of the Manchester School, in what is more stirring. It is an advantage not to have read since the books one devoured at fifteen, to have retained the impression, uncomplicated by all that came later.

Photo by J. J. Stead. **Charlotte Brontë's birthplace at Thornton.**

Charlotte Brontë was born here on 21st April, 1816. Patrick, Emily and Anne Brontë were born in the same house.

Photo by J. J. Stead. **Old Parsonage, Haworth, as it was in the Brontës' time.**

"Haworth Parsonage is an oblong stone house, facing down the hill on which the village stands, and with the front door right opposite to the western door of the church, distant about a hundred yards."—Mrs. Gaskell's "Life of Charlotte Brontë."

If the Brontës' mother had lived, perhaps Haworth would have for us a less churchyard air than it has now. Human nature must have had very little chance of developing there except underground. The religion of those days would have looked askance at natural gaiety, would have banned laughter and love and pretty garments and all the things the young heart sighs after. Patrick Brontë was probably a starved child himself. If he found some consolation in the bottle who is to throw a stone at him? One remembers the judge who remarked when a prisoner, accused of manslaughter, pleaded drunkenness: "Ah, well, it may be the shortest way out of Manchester."

Although I have not read "Shirley" for many years and have all but forgotten it, although I am in almost like case with "Villette" and "The Professor," I have yet been obliged, of late years, to be aware of a great deal about Charlotte and M. Héger of Brussels, since so many books of the Brontë cult have come my way. I have read many volumes concerning the possible or probable relations of Charlotte with her master—oh, shade of Rochester! I have also read the letters—on the margins of which M. Héger dotted down his casual notes—which *The Times* published some years ago. M. Héger and the jealous Madame Héger belong to the dusty 'Forties, like so much else that makes cobwebs round Charlotte's fiery life. With my one vivid impression of "Jane Eyre" I am quite out of court as counsel's opinion upon whether the love of

The Rev. Patrick Brontë,
Incumbent of Haworth and father of the Brontë sisters.
From a photo kindly lent by Mr. Clement Shorter.

Charlotte's life was given to the drab, brisk little schoolmaster of Brussels, with the uncongenial wife as Charlotte saw her and fixed her, poor thing. As a woman I may, perhaps, give my opinion humbly. M. Héger may have served as a lay figure for Charlotte to hang her dreams upon, or he may have been a sentimental interlude, an escape from Charlotte's Manchester. Charlotte would not have been the first woman of genius to pretend to herself that a man was a hero when she knew he was no such thing. Women—I will not say of genius, for genius is rare—

"One word is too often profaned
For me to profane it,"

but women of brains and heart, very commonly play at this—comedy or tragedy, as you will. It is, in fact, a part which women play the more ardently the more imagination they have. Mothers with plain daughters and dull sons will play at it as conscientiously as the woman who has a boor for a lover and makes-believe that he is a hero and a knight, knowing better than other people exactly how other people regard him. These are of the minor poignancies of life. But I doubt very much whether in this game of make-believe the leading lady—men never do these things, though they often love and admire sincerely persons whose charms are for them alone—ever loses her own personality in the part she is playing. She may be willing to give up her judgment: she may desire passionately to be deaf and dumb and blind—but she does not succeed, though compassion and the sense of ownership may make quite a good substitute for love.

Being quite an outsider I have often wondered over the intense pre-occupation of so many distinguished minds with Charlotte Brontë. If it had been Emily, now! But Emily, that fiery-hearted vestal, if she had a secret would never yield it up. She was white fire. To look too closely at her heart would be to suffer the penalty of the one who would have stolen the sun's fire. Is it possible that Emily is the real holder of the secret, the unattainable secret, like the eternal ice, the highest peaks which allure because they can never be reached? And, failing Emily, has Charlotte set many guessing at what she can never now reveal?

My theory of Charlotte will, of course, have no weight with those who have spent much thought and time on what must be an intensely fascinating study. Is her attraction for the minds of men now a compensation for a failure to attract the eyes and hearts of men while she lived? She would hardly accept it as a compensation. She would have been properly shocked if a woman had said in her hearing that life was very short and that the main thing in it for a woman was to be loved. She would have been even more shocked, perhaps, if she had been told that it was true of herself. Yet I think that is the secret which looks out of "Jane Eyre." Charlotte was one of the few unhappy women who, ardently desiring to attract, are unable to put forth attraction. Usually, I think, the desire to attract goes with the power. W. B. Yeats said to me once of a very charming and pretty girl who had faded into old maidenhood: "Ah, she is a scentless flower. The bees do not come." But would not the desire for honey bring the bees? One hopes so, and that the scentless flower who turns to the bee in vain is a rare and cruel product of Nature.

Charlotte, in fact, could not pierce through the spinster in whom her fiery heart was for ever caged. She was like the starling in the "Sentimental Journey" crying: "I can't get out! I can't get out!" She escaped only in her books—especially in "Jane Eyre," and in some one or two of the poems. If she had not had the

Charlotte Brontë.
From a water-colour portrait by Paul Héger, Charlotte Brontë's Brussels professor. It is dated 1850. Its authenticity has been questioned, but it still remains in the National Portrait Gallery. It was acquired from Miss Alice Boyd Green, whose family obtained it some forty years ago from a Mr. Bayliss, who had it direct from the Héger family.

disguise of Currer Bell, with its possibly masculine anonymity, would she ever have slipped from her spinstership so completely as she did in "Jane Eyre," which was, I imagine, a little shocking, or more than a little shocking, to my mother, who was the mother of eleven children? Having had that amazing adventure, did not Charlotte creep back into her spinster shell and never again so completely shed it?

It would be the gravest impertinence to discuss or consider the feeling Charlotte had for the man she married. We are allowed to know that the Rev. Arthur Bell Nichols was, as might be expected from an Irish curate of the 'Forties, a somewhat narrow-minded person, in whom the external Charlotte may have found her seeming mate, while the Charlotte who was Jane Eyre, lived on unsuspected.

Even for me, to whom Jane Eyre means so much, Charlotte is always the spinster. One has to get behind the spinster, and an uncomfortable, somewhat bitter spinster, to recapture Jane, whose attitude towards her lover was what the official Charlotte would have considered unbecoming in a self-respecting female.

POET AND NOVELIST.

BY WALTER DE LA MARE.

NO book of any lasting account, with any trace of genius, originality, or absorption of thought in its making, at once surrenders its all. Even the simplest of poems, the most fragile and naïve of stories, like Cinderella herself, must be wooed with some little patience and self-forgetfulness before it is finally won. This is the merest commonplace, and yet in regard to the writings of so richly absorbed and enchanted an observer, ponderer, critic and creator of life, so indefatigably devoted an artist as Henry James, it has been held a kind of grievance that neither his mind nor his heart was anybody's for the asking, that the voracious daws of the popular novelist had in his case often to go hungry. Of some even of the greatest writers we feel that their target was always well within range of a not too exhaustive effort. Not only did Henry James's target entail a fresh departure in the archery of fiction, but he was continually shifting it a little further, and yet a little further away, taxing his astonishing bow to its uttermost. What wonder then that sometimes even the keenest observer failed to mark hits, it may be in the positive bull's-eye of a butt practically almost out of sight? However intense—esoteric, as ribaldry has remarked—his reader's appreciation and enthusiasm, that reader is compelled in some marked degree to remain a student, a disciple. Henry James wrote nothing, that is, which a closer, a more exploratory reading than one's first could be, a more complete surrender to his method, to his conception of life and character as manifested in his chosen "cases," did not clarify, enhance, and enrich.

By such assiduity we may at last realise pretty clearly what he actually did with the people, the characters he borrowed (and put to interest) out of his extraordinarily variegated experience of the world. But, for by far the most part, however patiently we may pore over his portraits, no glimpse of his actual original, of his sitter in the raw—in our "raw," as it were—is vouchsafed us. We scrutinise his characters mainly in the illumination he himself lends us. In that borrowed, searching light we may even survey our own little circle, *their* queer, tragic, engaging interrelated situations, may almost translate the simple romance of Edwin and Angelina into terms of "The Soft Side," and with the eyes of Maisie see ourselves as our nursery sees us. But at best it is a tentative experiment.

This volume, then, "Letters from America,"* affords an almost unique opportunity. It has many other unusual features and qualities. No sharper contrast in form and substance, for instance, could be found than that between the zestful, almost artless spontaneity of these Letters and the deliberate circumspection of the Preface which with so ample and urbane a gesture ushers them in, and certainly none more engaging than that between the personalities so exhibited. A portrait by Velasquez of some youthful English prince being presented at the Spanish Court of another century by an ambassador as sage as his young protégé is seraphic might remind us of such a book—the vivid, eager, roving apprehensiveness of the one, the deep, searching ruminativeness of the other. It contains, too, not only the last prose writings of the most gifted and original poet of the younger generation, a poet in the presence of whose achievement even Henry James was "unable to guess what they—the intellectual incalculabilities of the poetic temperament might eventually have made of him"; it contains also the last words of the great novelist himself, and these last words the first he wrote, in these unparalleled days, as an Englishman in spirit and being as well as in tongue. In spite of the irremediable loss it commemorates, in spite of the unanswerable riddle it presents—"Why the finest of the fine should have to become mere morsels in the huge promiscuity," there is perhaps not another book in the language so curiously happy as this. It seems to hint that death is neither so blind nor so heedless as just now of all times we are tempted to believe it to be. Which of these two friends, indeed, would each in his own indescribably dissimilar fashion have more readily and smilingly accepted a suggestive situation so blissfully free from any trace of the sentimentality they both abhorred?

But apart from that personal relationship, this volume has a still more distinctive feature. For Henry James's preface is not only one more picture in his thronging gallery, not only does the subject of it afterwards jump helter-skelter down from and out of his frame, and

* "Letters from America." By Rupert Brooke. With a Preface by Henry James. 7s. 6d. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

impulsively carry the reader away with him into the wilds of New York, Boston, Canada, the Rockies, and the South Seas, but that picture itself is of one whom many of us unforgettably knew and delighted in, just as he was to and for ourselves. We have then at least this one Henry James original in clearest memory, and the experience of reading about him here precisely resembles that of sitting in a quiet, full-lighted studio and, while almost in positive talk with sitter and artist, of glancing now at the former, now at the latter, and from them both to a canvas rapidly surrendering an image as lifelike—but with how much of light and shade and perspective filled in—as the one we shared. With all our simplicities and crudities and fumblings on our head, we have been invited to a private view not only of the finished thing glossy in its varnish, but of the method, the process, the palette, the eye and the hand. Never looked young beauty so charmingly and charmedly out of fold within fold of exquisitely adjusted truths; and never before maybe could we have realised that truth stark naked is at least not less exacting a study than the most graceful of her usual draperies. Difficult, here and there, this preface is, since all Henry James's later work keeps naturally indolent wits preternaturally busy. But is there a word of sheer waste? We stand as it were at the brink of a placid all-enveloping sea of consciousness. Wave after wave of a voluminous prose breaks at our feet and, almost without sound, yet with infinite presence and circumstance draws back from the nugget of amber, the something rich and peculiar, rather than strange, which, in the still high light of an immensely responsible reasonableness, it has deposited before our eyes. This much is clear, if we are to compare single-objected preface with multitudinous novels, Rupert Brooke, in spite of the long, fine, clear-cut tradition he represented, in spite of the "wondrous modern" in him, of "the spell he cast," primarily by virtue of his "dazzling" self, and next by virtue of the freedom, irony, phantasy, paradox, perversity here discovered in him, was a comparatively simple study. Simple we feel, because the enveloping imagination has not—faced by the surprisingly clear fact—quite made "a case" of him, wholly suffused the picture in atmosphere. For if there is anything wanting in a piece of portraiture so pellucid, it is that something of mystery which is inseparable from any personality. Rupert Brooke was undeniably all this—and how rich and individual an all it is, but with this known there went also the elusive, the guessed at, the ultimately unknowable, and that element—however "beautifully producible, delightfully exhibitional" a specimen he was of the English spirit—was certainly not the least endearing characteristic of his vivid reality.

It is an element that only just momentarily looks at us out of these letters, as when he describes certain things as "terrifying," one of such being so "because less intelligible," when he involuntarily allows us to share an inmost solitude, to surprise his eyes rapt away in the vision of beauty, or his heart and imagination moved and touched by the mystery of the unforeseen, and "extraordinarily happy. . . ." "I wish I were there again," he writes of Samoa. "It is a country, and a life, that bind the heart. . . . It is part of the charm of these people that, while they are not so foolish as to 'think,' their intelligence is incredibly lively and subtle, their sense of humour and their intuitions of other people's feelings are very keen and living." One who had not thought could not have been quite so impatient at the thought of thinking. Again and again in these extremely direct, extraordinarily unsurprised impressions he brings us just to the edge of his inmost thought, and then, as if part in impatience, part in anxiety lest he should endanger a secret, draws back. There is always a clear, lustrous boyishness, that curious, incredibly candid mask which separates childhood from manhood, in his amused commentary, but now and then the child comes back, with the wistful simplicity that has no need to be candid since it has no conception that there could be anything to conceal. Only here and there even in his poetry the little gate is opened, and however deeply we delight in its wit, its fine sensuousness, its roaming imagination, its moments of ecstasy, its restless passion, it is then that we are face to face with the very ghost of the poet. The very word, England, called to that ghost. He could tell out all his sensitiveness to her, happy and sure in faith and love.

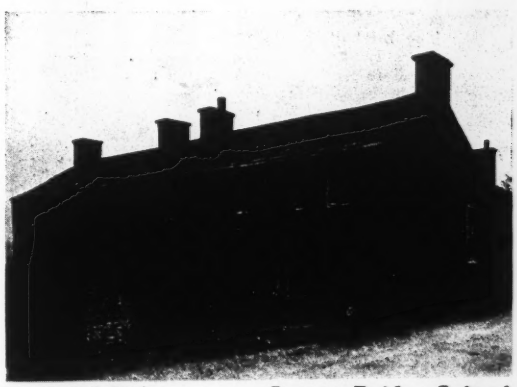

Photo by J. J. Stead. **Cowan Bridge School (The Lowood of Jane Eyre),** where Charlotte and Emily Brontë went in 1824.

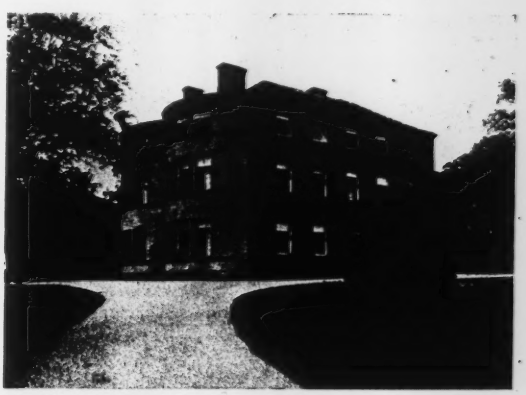

Photo by J. J. Stead. **Roe Head.** Miss Wooler's school, where Charlotte Brontë went as a pupil in January, 1831, and as a teacher in 1835.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

MAY, 1916.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II., IV. and V. are the same each month, and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best original or selected motto for munition workers.

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should gives the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR APRIL.

I.—The PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best original lyric is awarded to Alec R. Waugh, of Underhill, North End Road, Hampstead, N.W., for the following:

BEYOND THE GATE.

Let us go in:
The Gate is broken down,
And the far din
Of the disturbed and eager-clamouring town
Sounds faint, Love, when the viols play
Their haunting virelay.
Let us go in.

For Love is sweet;
And Sorrow is not long,
When fairy feet
Dance to the music of the spring morn's song.
And we will pluck, Love, many posies
Of garlanded wild roses.
For Love is sweet.

But night will come,
When laughter is no more,
And we shall roam
Not past the dark, immutably closed door.
Then let us smile, dear Love, and sing
Till falls the evening.
For night will come.

We also select for printing:

A WISH.

I looked on her I love—whose eyes
Are full of dreams—too wise, too wise!
They are the colour of those flowers
That bloom among old-fashioned bowers,
Or fringe a lonely pool, or cling
About warm hedgerows in the Spring.
Eyes that have seen and held and loved
The beauty of the world, and roved
In all a poet's liberty—
Oh, would they once might turn on me!

(Miss A. Phillpotts, Eltham, Torquay, S. Devon.)

LOVE'S BURIAL.

To Love I said: "You are dead!
Lie there and sleep!
I will bury you in the earth,
Many, many feet deep.

You are dead, Love, you are dead,
I will not weep,
I have buried you in the earth—
Many, many feet deep."

Foolish was I. Tis thus
That madmen rave!
Even as I said the words—
Love rose from the grave!

(Jessie Jackson, 83, Walkergate, Beverley, Yorks.)

TO A FRIEND.

Sometimes your soul is like a firelit room,
Where dear familiar figures come and go,
And light and shadow flicker to and fro
About the friendly gloom.

And sometimes it is like a moonlit night
When fields lie still and secret, while afar
Rides the unfathomable evening star
Through pastures strange and bright.

(Helen Sichel, 50, Egerton Gardens, S.W.)

TO "HIM THAT'S AWA'."

If I have ever dimmed with tears
The glory of your high emprise
Obscured with shadow of my fears
The Vision Splendid from your eyes—
Forgive me, dear.

If beneath outward show of calm
You read my woman's anxious heart,
Knew that soul-deep I dreaded harm,
In secret failed to bear my part—
Forget it, dear.

The brief disloyalty has passed—
Since Love betrayed, Love shall inspire—
A flame has touched my soul at last,
Lit from a consecrated fire—
Your purpose, dear.

(Mrs. J. O. Arnold, Beech Hill Road, Sheffield.)

We also specially commend the twenty lyrics by Kathleen A. Brainbridge (Kidderminster), Phyllis Marks (London, N.W.), G. R. McKeith (Nebraska), M. McDonnell (Lancaster), Violet D. Chapman (Burnham), Constance Bromley (Calcutta), Cyril G. Taylor (Bridport), Bessie J. B. MacArthur (Eloanfoot), Belle Cooper (California), Edith A. Basford (Nottingham), Robert A. Smith (Queensland), Ida May (Barnes), Beatrice Allhusen (London, W.), Beryl Carter (Bexhill), T. A. Creighton (New Zealand), Mrs. A. E. Wise (Leicester), S. Irwin Crookes (Auckland), V. S. Laughton (Wimbledon), Joyce O'Dwyer (Milnthorpe), I. E. Osborne (Honor Oak).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Miss A. Clarke, of Highcliffe, Hughenden Road, High Wycombe, for the following:

THE ANNEXATION SOCIETY. By J. S. FLETCHER. (Ward, Lock.)

"It is as I feared,
Two cocks and a hen, one owl and a wren,
Have all made their home in my beard."
EDWARD LEAR.

We also select for printing:

CREDULITY ISLAND. By FREDERICK WATSON. (Jenkins.)

"Go fetch my bow, my longest long bow."
Ballad of Robin Hood.

(Charles Powell, 2, Reynard Road, Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester.)

HINDENBURG'S MARCH INTO LONDON. (John Long.)

"When lawyers strive to heal a breach,
And parsons practise what they preach."
THOMAS HARDY, *Wessex Poems, etc.*

(E. J. Maclaine, Kingston Library, 330, Paisley Road, Glasgow.)

HINDENBURG'S MARCH INTO LONDON. TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN. (John Long.)

"He hunts in dreams."
TENNYSON, *Locksley Hall.*

(Miss J. Shaw, 65, King's Road, Harrogate.)

IN SLUMS AND SOCIETY. By JAMES ADDERLEY, HON. CANON OF BIRMINGHAM. (Fisher Unwin.)

"Hearts just as pure and fair
May beat in Belgrave Square
As in the lowly air
Of Seven Dials!"
W. S. GILBERT, *Iolanthe, Act I.*

(Ernest A. Fuller, 10, The Circus, Greenwich, S.E.)

SHOULD SHE HAVE TOLD HIM? By the AUTHOR OF "MY WIFE'S HIDDEN LIFE." (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"Where ignorance is bliss
'Tis folly to be wise."
GRAY.

(C. Burton, 4, Palace Grove, Upper Norwood.)

CHAPEL. By MILES LEWIS. (Heinemann.)

"I have an exposition of sleep come upon me."
SHAKESPEARE, *Midsummer Night's Dream.*

(Vivien Ford, 12 Priory Road, Tyndall's Park, Bristol.)

III.—The PRIZE for the best appreciation of our Airmen, in eight lines of original verse, is divided and Two NEW BOOKS are awarded to N. Sheridan, of Bromboro', Birkenhead, and Two to William Sutherland, of 2, North Grove, Roker, Sunderland, for the following:

OUR AIRMEN.

Eyes of hawks and nerves of steel,
Grace of swallows as they wheel;
Love of earth and ease in life
Tossed aside for joy in strife;
Gaiety to jest at Death,
Skill to cheat him by a breath:
Prayers of women, proud and sad
Soar with every flying lad.

N. SHERIDAN.

He waits upon no rousing charge; no soul inspiring cheer;
His but to dare and do—or die—though no one else be near.
The chosen of a virile race, rich in heroic breed,
Well has he justified his choice in many a daring deed.
He soars to seek the swifter foe, he dares the treacherous gale,
For in the airman's lexicon "there's no such word as fail."
He needs no stimulus of gain, he soars o'er sordid pelf,
And—grandest tribute yet—he soars above all thought of self.

WILLIAM SUTHERLAND.

We specially commend, from the very large number of papers received, the three poems by Harry Wardale (Altrincham), A. L. Garland (Hyde Park), Muriel Pinch (Battle).

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to F. M. N. Tall, of Trinity Mansions Hotel, Eastbourne, for the following:

THE CLAW. By SAX ROHMER. (Methuen.)

A book of enthralling interest showing the influence of "Our Lady of the Poppies," even in the highest circles of modern London. The description of the opium den concealed in the catacombs of the Thames is very vivid, and the introduction of the Oriental element lends a weird and exotic atmosphere to the book. The personality of the terrible and invisible "Dr. King," whose identity remains a mystery throughout the story, piques the curiosity of the reader—and leaves it unsatisfied. The interest of the book lies in the actual plot, rather than in the character-sketching, which is slight.

We also select for printing:

THE STRANGER'S WEDDING. By W. L. GEORGE. (Fisher Unwin.)

Lately we have had more than one powerful novel dealing with futile young men whose ideals, or rather whose rebellions, tended to degradation—life appeared to be a disease—the only women they were attracted by had common, or at best feeble minds, the atmosphere was unhealthy. This is healthy; Mr. George's common women are an absolute delight. It should be given to those young men who are apt to fancy that the class below them is necessarily more interesting than their own, and they will then only get what they deserve—as Roger Huncote did.

(W. M. Lodge, 7, Gatestone Road, Upper Norwood.)

BETWEEN THE LINES. By BOYD CABLE. (Smith, Elder.)

The words of an eye-witness are always interesting, and when attended by balance and perspective, invaluable. In "Between

Photo by Warwick Brooks, Manchester.

Elizabeth Cleghorn Stevenson (afterwards Mrs. Gaskell—Charlotte Brontë's biographer).

From a miniature painted in Edinburgh about 1830.

the Lines," Mr. Boyd Cable has explained with realistic vigour the details underlying the jejune phrases of an official despatch. "Nothing to Report" conceals constant casualties; "The Promise of Spring" is but the herald of new slaughter; "The Advance" sheer animal barbarism; "The Mine" a brilliant piece of explanatory narrative. War may be tolerable viewed in the mood of Ian Hay's good-humoured book, but all the glamour is dispelled, and the horrid reality exposed, in this grimmer and more graphic volume.

(G. E. Wakerley, 19, Chaworth Road, West Bridgford, Notts.)

NARCISSUS. By VIOLA MEYNELL. (Martin Secker.)

A study in self-consciousness. Miss Meynell, with a great power of analysis, dissects the mentality of two brothers. Victor Carmichael, whose egoistic nature demands sensuous satisfaction, endeavours to find expression by a passionate identification of the material universe with himself. His brother is equally self-centred, but in him selfishness finds contrary expression. His ideal is a negative one—the absence of every kind of emotion. Ultimately both are saved from themselves by Imogen Rendel, who cannot give a deeper return than affection to Victor's passion, and who awakes a reluctant but overwhelming love in Jimmy.

(The Rev. Robert H. A. Cotton, 23, King's Avenue, Ealing, W.)

TASKER JEVONS. By M. SINCLAIR. (Hutchinson.)

In this clever study of a genius, Miss Sinclair has attempted and accomplished much. Tasker Jevons is a man of humble origin and unprepossessing exterior, who, by sheer force of will, compels first his own small circle and later the world in general to acclaim him great. From journalist to playwright and finally to war-correspondent we follow closely, painstakingly, in his steps—smiling at his peculiarities, incredulous at his amazing marriage, to succumb at long last to the wonderfully-portrayed personality. War—the apparent solver of many problems brings this "real story to a happy ending and reveals the genius—a hero."

(Lucy Chamberlain, Llandudno.)

THE THEATRE OF TO-DAY. By HIRAM KELLY MODERWELL. (Lane.)

In this very interesting and suggestive book on the modern theatre, Mr. Moderwell strikes us by his wide comprehension. He does not dwell chiefly on one aspect of the theatre, like so many writers on the subject, but takes account of all that goes to make up the many-sided affair—mechanical, artistic, intellectual, literary, and social. In all that he writes on these matters he keeps in view the tendency of the theatre towards becoming the expression of democratic life, and the necessary corollary that the art of the theatre must be based on an interest in life.

(Vincent Hamson, 107, Denmark Street, Bedford.)

FREY AND HIS WIFE. By MAURICE HEWLETT. (Ward, Lock.)

The author has dived into the recesses of Norse mythology and has furnished forth, with a wealth of detail and dialogue and in the simple, direct language of a fairy tale, a robust story that has a charm all its own. It is, of course, a primitive and rather a barbarous tale, but will probably be none the less delectable to children, at least, on that account. Indeed, it seems to us peculiarly suited to those little people who live near the fairyland of romance, and, as is the way with these old legends, it is not without a moral.

(J. Victor Stalker, Logganlea, Pitkerro Road, Dundee.)

We also specially commend the twelve reviews by E. Milicent Cubison (Meigle), Mrs. S. Kirkland Vesey (London, W.), Cyril S. E. Brent (Balham), Reginald Gray (Darlington), S. A. Doody (Boscombe), Ivan Adair (Dublin), Miss J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Sissie Hunter (Chesterfield), Marjorie M. Gibbon (Clapton), Mary Mudde (Manchester), Egbert Sandford (Saltash), Helen O. Stockbridge (Braintree).

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION to THE BOOKMAN is awarded to May O'Rourke, of The Old Vicarage, Fordington Hill, Dorchester.

PHILIP JAMES BAILEY.

1816–1902.

THERE are two sure ways of killing a poet; there are more than two, of course, but one way is to make life too easy for him, and another is not to make it easy enough. Philip James Bailey was of those who died the easier way. He was born at Nottingham on April 22nd, 1816. His father, Thomas Bailey, was a man of local importance in his day, editor and owner of the *Nottingham Mercury*, a lover of books and himself something of a poet. From the outset he took the liveliest interest in the development of his son's precocious genius. Already in his twelfth year, Philip was giving indications of his natural bent. There is a little old leather journal of 1828 containing entries of his daily employments, such as "Wrote 'To Milton,' twelve verses"; "Essay on the Book of Job," and so forth. From the schools of Nottingham his father sent him to Glasgow University; and in due season when he had studied law and been called to the Bar but had no inclination, perhaps because he was under no necessity, to practice, his father readily made it possible for him to dedicate his life to the service of the Muses. For poor Nat Lee was wrong when he imagined that all poets were born

"Under the starving sign of Capricorn."

Before he was twenty Bailey was obsessed with the theme of his one great poem, and settled down in the cloistral quietude of his father's pleasant house in what was then the village of Old Basford, two miles outside Nottingham, and gave his days and many of his nights to the writing of "Festus."

That he took his vocation with the highest seriousness and did not under-estimate his powers is apparent in the poem itself—in the Dedication:

"My Father! unto thee to whom I owe
All that I am, all that I have and can;
Who madest me in thyself the sum of man
In all his generous aims and powers to know,
These first-fruits bring I; nor do thou forego
Marking when I the feat thus closed began,
Which numbers now near three years from its plan,
Not twenty summers had embrowned my brow.
Life is at blood-heat every page doth prove;"

and in the somewhat too self-confident, almost too arrogant Epilogue:

"Read this, World! He who writes is dead to thee,
But still lives in these leaves. He spake inspired:
Night and day thought came unhelped, undesired,
Like blood to his heart. The course of study he
Went through was of the soul-rack. The degree
He took was high: it was wise wretchedness.
He suffered perfectly, and gained no less
A prize than in his own torn heart to see
A few bright seeds: he sowed them—hoped them truth.
The autumn of that seed is in these pages.
God was with him; and bade Old Time to the youth
Unclench his heart, and teach the book of ages."

His father and his friends took him as seriously as he took himself, and when "Festus" was complete d

they met together on a certain morning, in 1839, to the number of fifteen to receive the first bound copy of the book that came from the printers, and in commemoration of the event all inscribed their names on the fly-leaf. As soon as the poem was published he and they were so far justified of their faith that it was immediately successful. It took the world by storm. Its reception in America was even more enthusiastic than in his own country; he was hailed there and here as one of the greatest of modern poets. What might not be expected of the man who could do such work before he was three-and-twenty? But he had finished; he had shot his bolt; he had delivered his message, and had no more to say. Bailey spent the rest of his long life in revising and elaborating "Festus." He published other books, "The Angel World" in 1850; "The Mystic" in 1855; "The Age" in 1858; "The Universal Hymn" in 1867; but they all fell far below his earliest achievement, and he watered the strength of "Festus" by sedulously incorporating most of these inferior poems into it, with the result that his one great book grew to an unwieldy bulk of over forty thousand lines, and its greatness became obscured by its size. There are tedious tracts in it now that did not mar the original version, and it might have ranked higher and would certainly have had more readers to-day if the poet's way had not been made too easy for him and he had not had leisure to toil so persistently upon it after his inspiration had departed from him.

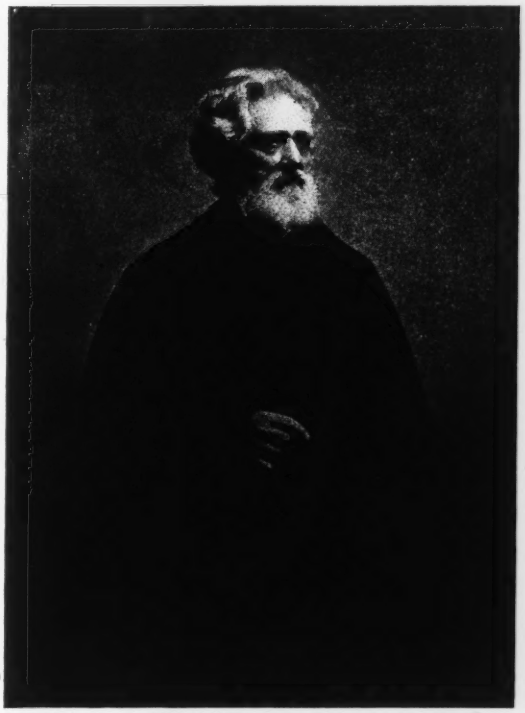

Photo by W. Morrison, Nottingham. **Philip James Bailey.**
Kindly lent by Miss F. C. Carey.

All which is not to question the essential greatness of an epic-drama that competent critics have ranked with the greatest of world-epics. It has its crudities, its banalities, its lapses into false sentiment and religious and philosophical commonplace; one might say much the same of "Paradise Lost"; but the grandeur of the whole conception, and the profound imaginative vision and high poetic thought that went to its shaping carry it triumphantly over all such flaws and leave it in lonely splendour, one of the authentic great poems of the nineteenth century, and without a fellow among its contemporaries. The theme has certain superficial affinities with Goethe's "Faust"; it draws from the same legend; but it is nobler in idea and larger in spiritual significance. Bailey's Lucifer is a very different creation from Goethe's cynical fiend; he retains more of human compunction, and is not lost beyond redemption. For "Festus" was the forerunner of the gospel of the larger hope; its scenes are laid on earth, in hell and in the heavens, and its aim is to vindicate the ways of God to men, to reveal how all things move towards final happiness and the ultimate salvation, through penitence and purification, of even the vilest and most sinful souls.

"Festus" made its appearance at a time of deep spiritual unrest, when the minds of men were earnestly preoccupied with religious doubts and beliefs, with the mysteries of the universe, with the insoluble problems of life and death and eternity, and many found in it the light they were seeking, as later they found it again in Tennyson's "In Memoriam," as earlier they had found it in Young's sombre, admonitory "Night Thoughts." This may, to some extent have helped its instant popularity with the general reader; but it was not this that won such unstinted eulogy for it alike from the critics and from the other poets of that generation. Lytton, Thackeray, Lowell were moved to admiration of it; Tennyson said: "I can scarcely trust myself to say how much I admire it for fear of falling into extravagance"; and one gathers a notion of its effect on Rossetti from the following letter written to Bailey by Mr. W. M. Rossetti, and quoted here with his permission:

> "I still recollect the evening in 1846 or 1847 when a young American (Charles Ware) cited to my brother and myself the lines,
>
> 'Eternity hath snowed its years upon them,' etc.
>
> and the eager desire which forthwith possessed my brother and me to read the book containing such grand work, and the incessant reading of 'Festus' over and over again which then ensued between him and me, neither of us then quite twenty. For awhile 'Festus' was almost our one microcosm of poetry—or, at any rate, the Moses' rod that had swallowed up all other serpents of time or of eternity. I will not profess to be of exactly the same opinion now, but assuredly I have never lost my love and admiration of 'Festus' or my earnest respect for its author."

Those of us who read "Festus" years ago when we were young will easily understand that enthusiasm of Rossetti's, for we too experienced it; and we shall as easily understand Mr. W. M. Rossetti's chastened enthusiasm of a later year. We never can recapture the wonder and the rapture of that first reading, but on a re-reading even now we can feel that it was justified, for though time has staled the theology of "Festus" and put some of its religious arguments a little out of date, it has taken, and can take, nothing from its imaginative forcefulness or the beauty of its authentic poetry. There were satirists who grouped Bailey with Alexander

Smith, Sydney Dobell, and others, and, not without excuse, dubbed them the Spasmodic School, but that ridicule seems to have left Bailey unperturbed, and it is now fast being forgotten, but they lose more than they can afford to lose who allow Smith and Dobell to be forgotten along with it, for they were as true poets as Bailey—if he surpassed them in the loftiness of his subject, the cathedral-like dignity of his structure, they had a grace and a winged music of lyrical passion that were not within his range. Smith's earlier poems, particularly, stamp him of the line of Keats and Tennyson; but in the matter of thought and style Dobell is almost as little indebted to any traceable poetical ancestry as was Bailey.

It may be true that there are passages in "Festus" which suggest that the writer of them had sat at the feet of Milton; nevertheless the tone and manner of Bailey's versification are very characteristically his own, and there is nothing Miltonic in his spiritual outlook nor in the special magic of his poetry. Personally I have always thought that the aphoristic sententiousness of such utterances as

> "It matters not how long we live, but how;"
>
> "Who never doubted never half believed;"
>
> "We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
> In feelings; not in figures on a dial.
> We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
> Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best;"
>
> "Men never will be wise till they are fools
> For ever . . ."

suggest more the influence of Young than of any other of Bailey's predecessors; but except in such sententious philosophy and in certain touches of gloomy grandeur of vision he has nothing in common with Young.

Calmly confident of his greatness at the outset, Bailey remained calmly confident of it to the end of his eighty-six years of life. When Tennyson and Browning eclipsed his popularity, "I do not grudge them their approval by the million," he remarked quietly, "they did not grudge me mine." In the height of his fame, as after it had passed its meridian, he lived retired and aloof. Now and then he appeared in the literary circle that gathered about Philip Bourke Marston—who, born when Bailey's fame was a decade old, had been named after him; otherwise he kept an eagle flight and was happier uncompanioned. He was twice married, his second wife being Miss Anne Sophia Carey, the daughter of a Nottingham alderman, and after his second marriage he made his home from 1864 to 1876 in Jersey, during which period he paid frequent visits to Italy and France. Then he lived in the Isle of Wight until 1885; whence he removed to Lee, near Ilfracombe; and in 1889, whilst he was living at Blackheath, he published a jubilee edition of "Festus," swollen now to a stout tome of seven hundred and ninety-four closely printed pages. In 1893 he went back to spend the late evening of his days at Nottingham, and lived happily there in a charming old house in The Ropewalk until his death in 1902.

It has been justly said that no poem to compare with "Festus" was ever written by a boy of twenty-two, and if after seventy-seven years of existence the centenary of the poet's birth finds its glory somewhat impaired he is himself largely responsible for that. One would like to see the poem reissued in its original form, shorn of all the cumbersome mass that Bailey passed his life in adding to it, for, though its permanent place in literature is, in any case, high and assured, "Festus" might then at least be nearly as much read as it is read about.

S. J.

WORDSWORTH.

BY S. BUTTERWORTH.

THIS important work* is a credit to American scholarship and an outstanding object-lesson of the intense interest taken in English literature by the American people. The latter, however, is not greatly to be wondered at in face of the fact that the majority of the nation behold in us "some originals of themselves." It is, undoubtedly, the most important biography of a great English author written by an American, one, moreover, which must, if not for all time, at any rate for no inconsiderable period, be considered the definitive life-history of one of the greatest English poets since Milton.

The present time is peculiarly one in which publishers endeavour in their edition of any poet of classic fame to include along with those which bear the hall-mark of genius every single production however immature and worthless which industry and enthusiasm may bring to light. Whether such action is serving the reputation of the author so dealt with would appear to be overlooked. Everything is brought to the mill indiscriminately. This procedure may be of service for the student, but for the general reader, who primarily—in fact solely—reads only for pleasure, it is so much labour thrown away. There are some critics who emphatically lay down that in order to appreciate Wordsworth it is absolutely essential that the whole of his voluminous works must be gone through. It may be, but who would do so on behalf of a reader to whom the poems were unknown and with whom one was desirous of sharing the delight with which the name of Wordsworth is associated? Wordsworth was such an unequal writer. A beginner, one is firmly convinced, should be given a selection of the poems: such a one as Matthew Arnold edited for the Golden Treasury series in 1879. And that great critic, who proclaimed his allegiance as a loyal Wordsworthian and proved it in his editorship, was of opinion that the poet was best served by making a choice from the mass of the poems of those which were of the right mintage. When one reads such a faultless poem as the following, of which almost every word attests its divine origin, and then turns to, say, "Andrew Jones" or some similar atrocity, an

* "William Wordsworth: His Life, Works and Influence." By George McLean Harper. 2 vols. 24s. net. (Murray.)

From the drawing by Pickersgill in St. John's College, Cambridge.
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William Wordsworth in 1832.

From ' William Wordsworth," by George McLean Harper (Murray).

idea may be formed as to the cogency of a drastic excision :

"A slumber did my spirit seal,
I had no human fears :
She seemed a thing that could not feel
The touch of earthly years.

No motion has she now, no force,
She neither hears nor sees ;
Rolled round in earth's diurnal course
With rocks, and stones, and trees."

Homer we know sometimes nods ; Wordsworth, time after time, did more than nod, he was often fast locked in the bonds of sleep but always dreamt he was a poet "new inspired." If he had only been more self-critical he would have been saved from many pitfalls. But his total want of humour precluded that attitude.

Wordsworth's first biography was written by his nephew, the Bishop of Lincoln, two years after the poet's death. This, however, though a valuable work, was as Mr. Harper rightly calls it, "a very inadequate portrait," as the greater portion of it was devoted to his uncle's later years when his early revolutionary youth had given place to the unbending toryism and anglican zeal of his old age. His change of front suggested the theme of Browning's famous poem "The Lost Leader," for that poet admitted that when he wrote it he had Wordsworth in his mind.

The late Professor Knight was also affected by the same theological, political and domestic reasons. Mr. Harper, on the contrary, has gone very fully into one aspect of Wordsworth's life, namely, his connection with the French Revolution, and he has added to our knowledge of Wordsworth's participation in that upheaval. He has also disclosed the identity of a mysterious person frequently mentioned in Dorothy Wordsworth's Diaries. These here and there refer to a certain Annette from whom letters were received or to whom others were written. We now learn that she was the daughter of a French Royalist with whom Wordsworth was in love and by whom he had a daughter, Caroline. It was probably the remembrance of that love episode that inspired the poet in his lovely "Lucy" poems. Further, it seems equally probable, if not certain, that the "Dear child! dear girl! that walkest with me here" in the beautiful sonnet beginning "It is a beauteous evening, calm and free," written at Calais in 1802, was his daughter Caroline. These new facts give an added importance to the biography. Another interesting fact is the discovery of the house in which the Wordsworths lived in Goslar during their sojourn in Germany in 1798–9, to which country they went with Coleridge after leaving their Somersetshire home.

With reference to that period of the Wordsworths' life at Alfoxden when Coleridge lived in the immediate neighbourhood at Nether Stowey—a period important in its bearing on the poetic development of the two poets—Mr. Harper deals with the amusing story of how they were shadowed by a detective sent down by the Home Office authorities when they were under suspicion as spies. One of the most entertaining anecdotes related by Coleridge in his "Biographia Literaria" referring to that incident has been looked upon not altogether without suspicion. It is, however, confirmed by Southey in one of his letters and by a statement in Mrs. Eliza Meteyard's "A Group of Englishmen." Apart from the testimony of the two latter, Mr. Harper appears to be unaware of an article which was printed in *The Nineteenth Century* for August, 1908, by Mr. A. G. Eagleston which contained documentary evidence that a detective was ordered down into Somersetshire to watch the supposed spies. Mrs. Meteyard gives the name of Sir Philip Hale of Cannington (a village between Nether Stowey and Bridgwater) as the name of the Home Office's informant. This supposition seems to be incorrect. His name was Dr. Lysons of Bath, and his information was obtained from his cook who had some years previously been in employment at Alfoxden. The story she told to her master was gleaned from a former fellow-servant at the latter place who passed through Bath from a visit to Alfoxden on his way home. The Wordsworths were thought by their neighbours to be not only spies but *French*. The article is delightfully interesting, and should not be overlooked by students of Wordsworth and Coleridge. It is strange that such an indefatigable researcher as Mr. Harper should be unacquainted with it.

The biographer has had access to much material unknown to previous writers. Here is a very attractive extract from the manuscript memories of William Wordsworth compiled by Mrs. Davy, the wife of Sir Humphry Davy's brother :

"*Monday, April 22nd*, 1850.—I had some talk which interested me much to-day with good Mrs. Nicholson at the Post Office, concerning Mr. Wordsworth. She has known him perhaps longer than any one here, and in her simple, homely, hearty manner does as full justice to his sweet and fine qualities as anyone could do. She went back, in the manner of the old, on her earlier days of acquaintance with the poet and his sister, when they lived at Grasmere, and when, as she said, they would often walk to Ambleside together after dark, in order to repair some omission or alter some arrangement in the proof-sheets of his Poems, which had been posted for the press. 'At that time,' said Mrs. N., 'the mail used to pass through at one in the morning, so my husband and me used to go early to bed ; but when Mr. and Miss W. came, let it be as late as it would, my husband would get up and let them in and give them their letter out of the box, and then they would sit up in our parlour or in the kitchen, discussing over it and reading and changing till they had made it quite right to their minds, and then they would seal up the packet again, and knock at our bedroom door, and say, "Now, Mr. Nicholson, please will you bolt the door after us ? Here is our letter now for the post. We'll not trouble you any more this night." And, oh, they were always so friendly to us, and so loving to one another.'"

Mr. Harper has been engaged upon the work for many years—it is ten since he took it in hand. He has read much, has been unsparing in his researches and he has proved himself a complete master of his subject. His admiration for Wordsworth both as a man and as a poet is intense, but it is very evident that his approval of the man leans more towards him as the revolutionist than as the Tory. This is not to be wondered at, taking into consideration the country to which he owes his political and national allegiance, but he is never unjust in his judgment.

He looks upon Wordsworth, the poet, as "a power in the world." His comments on the poems are based on sound judgment, his criticism is searching, discriminative and frequently illuminating, and his style is excellent and at times eloquent. There are several misprints, and an occasional misstatement. In referring to the

article on Wordsworth in the *London Magazine* for March, 1820, he does not name the author. He was John Scott, the editor, whose untimely end was a loss to English letters. The writer who "highly praised" Wordsworth's poetry in the June number was Hazlitt, who also wrote the essay "On the Conversation of Authors" in the same magazine for September, 1820. Mr. Harper would appear to be in doubt as to the authorship of the latter. On page 346 (1 Vol.) he states that Hazlitt's "My First Acquaintance with Poets" was published in substance in 1817 and afterwards amplified and reprinted. Only the germ of the essay appeared in 1817 in *The Examiner* and referred merely to Coleridge, the preacher. The article as we now know it was first printed in *The Liberal* for 1823 and reprinted in "The Literary Remains of the late William Hazlitt (1836)."

New Books.

THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY DIPLOMA GALLERY.*

There is something of leisure, of space and of wide vision in the dignity of retirement in the very title of Professor Saintsbury's "Peace of the Augustans." The period is one of the few, the very few, in our literature which he has not hitherto expressly illuminated with his pen, and he now gives it the widest possible extension so as to cover pretty well the whole of the Georgian Era in letters. The result is a fine survey, somewhat analogous to that which Professor Minto was proceeding with at the period of his retirement from the Chair of Aberdeen, upon the salient qualities of our Eighteenth-Century Literature, characterised justly, we think, as a place of rest and refreshment. The previous age culminated in Herrick; the Augustans reached perfection in Goldsmith. Then came a turn. After so much reflection and serenity of repose we needed, it may be, a little more imagination and passion. After lyric and epic drama—essay and satire. To Shakespeare and Milton succeed Dryden and Pope. The heroic era of sack and cold-ale for breakfast was a thing of the past. All were for hot drinks now and coffee-house conversation. Sir Roger had no sooner seated himself at the upper end of the high table, but he called for a clean pipe, a paper of tobacco, a dish of coffee, a wax candle and *The Supplement*, with such an air of cheerfulness and good humour that all the boys in the coffee-room (who seem to take a pleasure in serving him) are at once employed on his several errands. Successful waiters, we presume, must have run such coffee houses as Will's, Evans' and White's. These were the senates of the London literati. Will's in particular, off Bow Street, where Defoe saw the Vicar of Bray (whose interview with Sir Thomas More Prior epigrammatically described), and Pope, we know, saw Dryden. After Dryden's death Addison transferred the galaxy to Button's, over the way, where Namby-Pamby Phillips hung up a rod to chastise Pope withal. Hard by was "The Rose" beloved by Pepys and Prior no less than by the author of "Trivia." It deserves mention that the "Cocoa Tree" in Pall Mall was then a true Blue Tory House.

It was an age of conversation, of mutual illumination by a new and serviceable prose, of satire and moral epistle among a charmed Queen Anne circle, of the last conflict between the noble patron and a self-supporting literature. Of the rise of newspapers and the dissemination by pamphlet and journal of metropolitan wit. The age was so satisfied with itself that it could not fail to impose upon others. The era of Pope, Swift, Addison, Steele, Prior and Defoe, daringly innovating and experimental to itself, became to succeeding ages a period of universal accomplishment, and then of classic repose. The great Quarterlies started when the star of the Augustans was still in the ascendant, but it was bound in the course of things to be followed by a time of violent, often excessive, reaction. Then came the necessary epoch of re-edification, the restoration of classical temples, initiated perhaps by Bagehot, but culminating with conspicuous success in the sympathetic sagacity of such critics as Pattison, Courthope and Leslie Stephen, idealised and adorned by the elaborate finials of an Austin Dobson. The eighteenth century was triumphantly vindicated. The stricken field needed a survey, and we have one here from a magisterial hand. The words, with trifling alteration, which he applies to a specimen of the filigree poetry of Pope—the clearness without meanness the rhetoric without bombast, the apt variety of not quite synonymous terms, the easy procession of the phraseology which never brings you up with anything strange, and yet never lets the familiarity of its words down to the vulgar, the cunning climax of the arrangement—all these things have a perennial attraction and apply hardly less to the poetry of Pope in particular than to the essential character of the literary product of the age as a whole. A person whose sense of this kind of art has been ever so little cultivated, no more tires of it than he does of a Handelian harmony, or a classic Gainsborough. Whereas, on the other hand, a person who exclaims, "You admire *this* when such things exist as Prospero's speech after the masque and the close of 'To Constantia Singing'?" needs no answer unless it be a grave surprise, a pained "dear me" of wonderment at the deliberate and fastidious restrictedness of his field of vision The field of English letters needed enlargement of range more than almost

Rydal Mount, in Wordsworth's time.
From "William Wordsworth," by George McLean Harper (Murray).

* "The Peace of the Augustans: A Survey of Eighteenth-Century Literature." By Professor Saintsbury. 8s. 6d. net. (Bell.)

anything else. This enlargement the eighteenth century provided with a minimum loss to our æsthetic pleasure. In the course of their work the masters of the ages of Pope and Johnson developed a perhaps superfluous contempt for less prosaic periods, but they made their own habitation warm and snug. They found a site for it, in a Happy Valley of sorts. A few fugitives such as Collins and Chatterton sought means of escape, and the author of "Rasselas" mocked them for their pains. "Rasselas" and its author are nobly delineated, so, though it is invidious to select, are Young, Chesterfield, Fielding, Walpole and Gray.

Professor Saintsbury it will be readily assumed does not attempt to give us a synthetic exposition of eighteenth-century literary art. He takes a good class knowledge of it for granted and then proceeds to annotate, to interject, to interpolate, and to comment. He has all the critics in the front row of the lecture-hall, and proceeds to expostulate with them for the benefit of the numerous auditors behind. He is a literary epicure. He looks to it that we have the olives and the truffles. For all his orthodoxy he is always surprisingly individual. His knowledge of the subject is so extensive and minute that it is impossible to follow in his furrow without picking up a great deal of valuable corrective, and often out-of-the-way and original information. He expresses his usual detestation of patronising praise, of cheap epigram, of superficial knowledge and half-hearted or paradoxical appreciation. Sometimes, owing to his numerous asides, his queer expressions (*Sheetibus paribus*), and his extraordinary range of critical allusion he is far from easy to follow. But the reader is reconciled to occasional obscurity by his continuous energy of personal application, his unflagging zeal for redeeming features, and his enthusiastic catholicity of judgment. He reveres the great masters, and will rarely accept any slackness or compromise about our duty to admire them. But he never flags in his efforts to place the lesser masters in their right relation to the big fellows in the literary forum. The indescribable augmentation of the power of literature to distract and amuse us by the development of the novel, the epistolary entertainments of Walpole, Gray, Cowper and the rest, he describes with a freshness about his pen, and a stimulation of the faculty of these writers to refresh us which is above praise. The essay, the biography, the history, the drama, the wonder-novel, the mere tale, he illuminates them all. Here is a characteristically fine description by him of a minor, but most characteristic celebrity:

"'Thralia *dulcis*' is certainly one of the most interesting, if not of the most fascinating, studies of the whole century. Nobody, so far as the present writer knows, has yet done her justice; and the reasons are pretty clear, though they require a certain amount of disentangling, and cannot, perhaps, be fully understood without reading the odd complications of her later days. For Hester Lynch Salusbury-Thrale-Piozzi, was possibly the most feminine person who ever lived—with the prerogative exception of Eve—and the circumstances, as if they were under the command of some malicious fairy, brought her femininity out of the most rainbow fashion of lights and shadows. It was a 'Welsh fairy,' too, as Falstaff prophetically observed, and an exceptionally 'cenfigenous' one. She was of one of the best families of the kingdom; best of the kind of provincial bestness which has its drawbacks. She was very pretty, very clever, very good-natured; but her prettiness was without dignity (the two qualities are by no means necessarily disjointed), her cleverness was desultory and undisciplined, and her good-nature, as it frequently is, was combined with something which, though you cannot exactly call it ill-nature, was capable of doing things very questionably amiable. There can be little doubt that she was unfortunate in her marriage—though it would have been a very exceptional person with whom she would have been more fortunate."

The Professor's verdicts are sometimes undoubtedly a little over-complicated, and his choice of expression puzzling beyond a little, but in the main he doubles with singular success the parts of examiner and lover of the century he unfolds to us, from the "Rape of the Lock" to the "Loves of the Triangles." In star dust, moonlight sonatas, the worship of the moth for the star, metrical mystery and romantic hallucination, it was conceivably defective. But it destroyed comparatively little, it freed our tongue from stammering, it consecrated new forms, notably the essay and the novel, it endowed society with a goodly conceit of itself, and it carried on the business of literature with a strength and solidity to which there are few parallels in literary history.

THOMAS SECCOMBE.

EDWIN PUGH'S ESSAYS.*

There are some good essayists whose thoughts are so gentle, whose style so purring and restful that to read them is like taking an opiate—they charm

"The troubled sea of the mind
Till it is hushed and smooth."

There are essayists who belong to the fields and the pleasant countryside; and others who are much too staid and conventionally proper to be taken out of the drawing-room; and others that ought to be read only in libraries, they are so full of the life of books, so aloof from the motley life of the common world. Mr. Pugh is not of these; it is the life of the common world of men that interests him most of all. If you want to be lulled you must go to somebody else, for he is a militant essayist, and slings and arrows are not his only weapons. He writes always with the shrewdest common sense, and even when he irritates you by disturbing your pet beliefs and destroying your illusions you recognise that your irritation is caused by the fact that his arrow has gone home, that his teaching is truer than you like it to be.

Military glory is reduced largely to rags and squalor in the essay on "The Cowardice of Warfare," and courage is shown to be, after all, but "a sublime form of hypocrisy"; the same practical, devastating, truth-seeking spirit is at work in "The Mind of the Clerk"; in "Perils of the Honeymoon"; in "The Might of the Cockney"; in "Modern Drama"; and in "The New Fickleness," the English character gets much less flattery than it is accustomed to. In a second section of the book there is an admirable dissertation on "Real Realism," in which Mr. Pugh deals faithfully with those realistic novelists for whom there is "in the moral world only the evil, in the visible world only the ugly." Light is, of course, as real as darkness; St. Francis was as real as Crippen; but the so-called realists do not seem to have discovered this. "If their realism were Real Realism," says Mr. Pugh, "it would include all reality, order as well as disorder, the general as well as the particular, the lofty as well as the base, the funny things of life as well as the dismal things, the laughter as well as the tears." Other essays in this section are "The Decay of the Short Story," "Novelists as Experts," and "Style in Literature," and if there are views, in the latter especially, from which you dissent, that is one of the book's virtues—it is suggestive and provocative and rouses you to reconsider your settled opinions and sometimes to revise them. Wherever you open it, "Slings and Arrows" is altogether interesting. Mr. Pugh hits out at many things, and hits hard. His essays have humour, and insight, and their own clear point of view—they are, above all, the sincere thinkings of a man who has seen much of life and has thought for himself.

C. W.

QUEEN ADELAIDE.†

It is with some misgiving that the reviewer opens a book inscribed the "Life and Times," for so many writers have tricked out biography with extracts from history, and either the life or the times is bound to suffer. This particular compilation is a medley of gossip and history such as is rarely seen save on the shelves of a circulating library, or the occasional tables of those who are interested in the life of Courts. It is a book for the past rather than the present generation. Its writer, Miss Sandars,

* "Slings and Arrows." By Edwin Pugh. 5s. net. (Chapman & Hall).

† "The Life and Times of Queen Adelaide." By Mary F. Sandars. 16s. net. (Stanley Paul.)

who no doubt has the measure of her public, was hampered both by the dullness of her subject, and by the present conflict of nations. She acknowledges her debt to Prince Radolin, to the Minister of State, and to the keepers of the archives at Saxe-Meiningen, but war broke out just as the Court photographer was about to prepare copies of the earlier portraits chosen for this volume. The consort of William IV. came from one of those small German courts which have been used as incubators for European sovereigns. Saxe-Meiningen was governed upon the lines of benevolent despotism which were characteristic of the eighteenth century. "The reigning family," we are told, "were greeted with jubilation whenever they appeared in public. Their marriages were days of popular rejoicing; they divided the Thuringian forests to provide the peasants with firing during the winter; they built and endowed schools for the poor; the courtyard of their residence served as a lounge for their subjects, who stared unchecked into their windows." The people were governed by sumptuary laws which prevented their extravagance at festivals and funerals, and Miss Sandars pictures Princess Adelaide's bewilderment when she was transported from a small and carefully guided state to a "big, puzzling, unwieldy, and complicated kingdom."

The Princess arrived in England two years before the Cato Street Conspiracy, when rick-burning and the destruction of machinery were common events, and the Manchester Massacre "filled the country with indignation." As queen consort she had continually before her eyes the fate of Marie Antoinette, and witnessed various upheavals abroad. She saw the Bourbon monarchy supplanted in France, and a new kingdom created in Belgium. During her husband's brief reign, the agitation for parliamentary reform was at its height, and she failed to understand a country in which revolution was rendered less dangerous by a powerful and ingrained conservatism. Her chamberlain, Lord Howe, was one of the strongest opponents of the Reform Bill, and his relations with the Queen were the subject of unmerited scandal. Much harm was thereby done, and the Queen's name was constantly associated with the cause of reaction; but this obloquy was undeserved, for, as the Master of Magdalene says, her political views resolved into a "gentle distrust of all proposed changes, social or political." Contemporaries thought otherwise. "From these hustings," said a speaker at Newcastle, "I bid the Queen of England recollect that in consequence of the opposition of an ill-fated woman to the wishes of France, a fairer head than ever graced the shoulders of Adelaide Queen of England rolled upon the scaffold." But as the Bill prospered, so the Queen's fears increased; she opposed the dissolution of Parliament, and was said to have extorted a promise from the King "that rather than allow the dissolution he would turn out the Government."

In contrast with the excitement of political affairs life at Court was peculiarly dull and trying. The King was liable to fits of excitement which bordered on madness, but the Queen, so Miss Sandars tells us, had considerable powers of soothing him. In his calmer moments life was a deadly routine. At the close of a trivial day the guests played cards: the Queen knitted, sewed, or showed her sketches. And after dinner the King slept, waking occasionally with the words, "Exactly so, ma'am"; conversation was impossible, and the courtiers often dozed from sheer boredom. At Brighton life was a little more bearable, and less ceremonious. There the King was constantly with his numerous children, the offspring of a persistent infatuation for an actress, Mrs. Jordan.

"The FitzClarences," says Miss Sandars, "surrounded their father, claiming his affection and, especially after his accession, demanding solid proofs of it in the shape of titles, appointments, money and advancements."

But the Queen showed her generosity of mind in accepting a difficult situation, and won the hearts and admiration of this morganatic issue, by playing "the part of kindly stepmother to children born out of wedlock." The country did not approve of her lenience, and the presence of the family at Court caused much friction with the Duchess of Kent. The determination of the Duchess to prevent her daughter, the Princess Victoria, meeting with the FitzClarences led to many scenes and much heart-burning: the future queen was not present at William IV.'s coronation, and when she attended a dinner party in honour of the King's birthday, the guests were shocked by His Majesty's open attack upon the Duchess for her perversity, and were embarrassed by the sight of Princess Victoria bursting into tears.

Such were the trials which Queen Adelaide was forced to endure, and Miss Sandars' short but bulky volume leaves a favourable impression of her tact and courage. She was sustained by her religion; she practised benevolence in an unostentatious fashion; she desired to help the Honiton lace-makers, and was beloved by the children round Frogmore, for whom she always had a kindly word. She loved her dairy, her flower-gardens, and her farmyard; she took an interest in the Navy, as befitted the wife of a "sailor king." But while her tastes were simple, she was by no means a nonentity, says Miss Sandars; "she loomed large in the eyes of her contemporaries." At the same time "she was credited with far more power and with much greater activity than she exercised," and her influence over her husband belonged to "a sphere of action which has always been considered legitimate for women."

The story of Queen Adelaide's drowsy life will do little to help the historian. If footnotes are any guide, the Queen's letters have apparently yielded little of value: most of the references given are to the more vivacious papers of Creevy and Greville. A most interesting source of information appears to have been neglected; that is the current periodical literature. Many of our greatest magazines were at the height of their power; their contents have not been fully assimilated, and Miss Sandars might have improved her volume by more exhaustive researches. The illustrations are well chosen, though the reviewer would gladly have sacrificed some of the portraits for a few more cartoons. One thing at least is demonstrated: that Queen Victoria did the monarchy a great service by helping it to live down some of the odium which her predecessors had fastened upon an ancient and honourable crown.

F. R. HARRIS.

FROM SYMBOLISM TO UNANIMISM.*

The six poets, her lectures on whom Miss Amy Lowell (herself a poet) has been so well advised as to make into a book, form a varied company. Verhaeren, to whom all the labels—symbolist, realist, unanimist, even romantic—are at once appropriate and inadequate; Samain, with whom symbolism, the pure Mallarmé type, died exquisitely of consumption; Henri de Régnier, half way between Mallarmé and Heredia; Remy de Gourmont, a scholar but no schoolman, at once personal and reminiscent, writing verse in the margin of a busy life devoted to many forms of prose; Francis Jammes, devout and simple—with a simplicity which is only saved from flatness by being so often charming—and possessed in so large a measure of that broad sympathy which is the latest characteristic note in French literature and is, or was before the war, becoming the tenet of a school; and finally Paul Fort, whose metrical and typographical idiosyncracies have to some extent obscured the fact that he is a great poet, but one no more to be labelled than Browning or Hardy: surely no half-dozen poets writing the same language, even were they picked from as many centuries, could well offer fewer opportunities for the "lumping" of their attributes. From such material it would be impossible to make a book so homogeneous as Mr. Arthur Symons's "Symbolist Movement," or as might perhaps be made about the most

* "Six French Poets: Studies in Contemporary Literature." By Amy Lowell. 10s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

recent developments of French poetry; for, as Miss Lowell says (though calling her book a study in "contemporary" literature) she writes of "a generation which is already past the meridian." Her chosen six belong to one of the periods of transition, the period which saw the death of symbolism as a definite collective impulse and only the beginning—the masters but not the pupils—of the movement called unanimism.

In any case, Miss Lowell has not been at pains to produce a book such as Mr. Symons's.

"I have made no attempt at an exhaustive critical analysis of the various works of these authors," she writes. "Rather, I have tried to suggest certain things which appear to the trained poet while reading them. The pages and pages of hair-splitting criticism turned out by erudite gentlemen for their own amusement has been no part of my scheme."

There is no need to quarrel with her for the choice of method thus indicated. Hair-splitting, whatever its intrinsic merits (and there is room for difference here), is certainly out of place and ineffective in the lecture room. But one feels that where the author has so deliberately avoided hypercriticism, it would be impertinence for the mere reviewer to indulge in it, and that he ought rather to accept what is, on the whole, a very admirable piece of work without prying microscopically for minor blemishes of style or judgment.

Nevertheless, there are a few points on which it seems legitimate to quarrel with Miss Lowell. Her study of Verhaeren is inadequate; nor is its inadequacy excused by the limitations of time imposed on the lecturer. The books of Verhaeren's middle period, "Les Campagnes Hallucinées" and "Les Villes Tentaculaires" are well treated; but the later developments of the ideas which they contained are not touched upon, and it is those ideas, and especially their contrast with the ideas, or rather the emotions, of "Toute la Flandre," which are the significant thing in Verhaeren. For the two groups into which his latest poetry falls—the philosophical series from "Les Forces Tumultueuses" to "Les Rhythmes Souverains," and the five books of "Toute la Flandre"—are the expression of the essential dualism of man: his need of a home, a space of life which he can call his own, having all its bounds in view and knowing by heart its every detail, and his desire for infinite room for the journeyings of his aspiration; and the synthesis of that dualism—which in terms of politics becomes patriotism and internationalism—is, perhaps, the problem of all problems. To miss this, is to miss the point of Verhaeren; and that Miss Lowell has failed to get all that she might have got out of his poetry is further shown by her statement that his love poems are "not of extreme importance."

She complains that "they are all written in regular metre." This, incidentally, is inaccurate, but it illustrates one of Miss Lowell's prejudices. She is an enthusiast for *vers libre*, and contemptuous of the Alexandrine, which she appears to consider has had its day. Certainly, the introduction of *vers libre* has been a great thing for French poetry, opening for it possibilities of development and variety which it had lacked before; yet many of the most notable poets since its introduction, Verlaine, Mallarmé, Rimbaud, Laforgue, Van Lerberghe, Fort, Samain, Jammes, have done not only some of their finest, but some of their most characteristically modern, work in the great classic measure. The Alexandrine is no more dead than blank verse.

Miss Lowell's other special prejudice is against Catholicism. This no doubt accounts for the exclusion of Claudel from her chosen company, and for the scant attention paid to the "Géorgiques Chrétiennes" of Jammes. It is a prejudice which, however sincerely based, ought not to be allowed to colour literary criticism; and there is surely a lack of something more important than literary judgment implied in: "I hardly believe religion, as we conceive the term, to be possible in the Latin mind." Yet, after all, perhaps this is a true *dictum*—for it is a countrywoman of Mrs. Eddy who writes it of the countrymen of Pascal.

But "Six French Poets" is a pleasant book, full of interesting information and comment, rich in quotation—not of fragments only, but of complete poems and long poems—furnished, moreover, with literal prose renderings of those quotations (the use whereof Miss Lowell sets forth in her preface) and with a good bibliography.

FRANCIS BICKLEY.

THEORY AND FACT.*

If one had sat down two years ago to theorise about the effects of a European war upon English fiction, there is little doubt that all sorts of sensational changes would have been prophesied. Novels born in a time of world convulsion might be expected to be different to pre-war fiction. As a matter of fact, however, so far as the present writer's knowledge extends, fiction is still much as usual in theme and treatment. War's red light will have to die out of the sky, probably, before its reactions on literature become apparent.

The four books under review, with one exception, contain no allusion to the war, and doubtless that omission will make for their popularity at the present time. Only in "Mrs. Balfame," by Gertrude Atherton, is the shadow of the epic struggle encountered, and her English admirers will wish away a certain impartiality which is apparent on two or three pages of her novel. Even though the allusions may be interpreted as belonging to the analysis of a cold-blooded and soulless woman, one regrets to find the Allies stigmatised, along with their enemies, as "those deluded soldiers on the European battlefield."

It is a pity that Mrs. Atherton provides no counterblast in her own person to the story's point of view, which sees all the belligerents tarred with the same brush. Her heroine, Mrs. Balfame, who is bent on the murder of an undesirable husband, finds palliation for her act in the thought of the carnage going on in the present war. This woman, who made up her mind to be a murderess, is the popular leader of society in a small American city, and she stands before us as a great piece of characterisation. An unexpected development of the plot creates a mystery, triumphantly sustained in the face of a pack of newspaper reporters and "sob sisters." Their activities provide an extraordinary travesty of justice, and make us thankful that the crime investigator's field is such a strictly limited one in our own land. Naturally, there are romantic subsidiary interests, and it need hardly be said that the absorbing story is handled with accomplished skill.

The big public who read assiduously every book from Richard Dehan's pen, are offered a budget of short stories in "Earth to Earth." The author extracts the romantic elements from life with an ease which is not without its particular danger, and can contrive climaxes that sometimes surprise even the hardened novel reader. Detail and colour are rather overdone here and there, in deference perhaps to the wishes of some magazine editors who demand what they call smart effects. The direct appeal to the emotions in "A Nursery Tea" has something unforgettable about it. An old nurse is visited under pathetic circumstances by her three "children"—cynical, middle-aged folk, in whom some of the magic health of childhood is wakened by the ancient dame. Several of the stories concern a hefty Scotch artist, the MacWaugh, of the North-West Studios, who really deserves a book to himself. If his ambition ran in conventional channels he would not be so interesting; fortunately for the reader, he explains his attitude thus:

"Throughout a long and uneventful career of unostentatious mediocrity it has never, to my gratitude, been lain to my charge that I ever concealed wi' my canvas a porrtion, however inconsideerable, o' the walls o' the building which the misguided ca' in their ignorance the Royal Academy."

* "Mrs. Balfame." By Gertrude Atherton. 6s. (Murray.)—"Earth to Earth." By Richard Dehan. 6s. (Heinemann.)—"David Blaize." By E. F. Benson. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)—"My Lady of the Moor." By John Oxenham. 6s. (Longmans.)

If there are many boys in the rising generation like "David Blaize," not even the pessimists will find ground for misgiving about the destiny of the British Empire. Mr. E. F. Benson gives us an inimitable school story, which will be read with deep but differing interest by boys of all ages ranging from fifteen to sixty. It describes delightfully the progress of a healthy English boy from preparatory school to public school. His pluck, no less than his love of mischief, makes David a real boy, and the world in little where he has his being, with its special problems and difficulties, is described with sympathetic insight.

Mr. Benson's work is a timely reminder of the potential wealth no economic disaster can destroy, and he must be thanked for reminding us of the promise of the race at a time when death is reaping such a great harvest. Mr. Benson must also be thanked for showing us the boy as something more than a healthy young animal. The boy's mind and its growth, are made to appear of more importance than his games, and his proficiency in them. For the "Waterloos" of to-day bear far less relation to the playing-fields of Eton than they did even in the time of the South African war.

In spite of all that has been said to the contrary, there are always plenty of readers for a good religious novel. The attention of those people who believe the public is afraid of serious themes, and demand undiluted entertainment all the time, is invited to "My Lady of the Moor," by Mr. John Oxenham—a religious novel set in the enchanting environment of Dartmoor. What though Beatrice—"My Lady of the Moor"—belongs to the cloister rather than the world, and her other-worldly nature is exaggerated, it is good to read of the healing influence she exerts upon a man who has violently broken the law. The characters are few—two women and three men—but their interplay reveals the bloodless conquest that is wrought by a pure and devoted soul in the trenches of daily life. The story has limitations; within them, it is a story well worth reading, and worth pondering when read.

Are novelists and publishers paying heed to the earnest spirit that is abroad to-day? Suffering is abroad, and therefore thoughtfulness. The number of sufferers is increasing, and before many weeks have passed, that factor must influence public taste, if it has not already done so.

WILKINSON SHERREN.

SONGS OF THE WORLD-WAR.*

When a pacifist (it is curious that the inoffensive word carries, though it may not brandish, a "fist") turns fighter by conviction, in self-defence, or from a sense of patriotic duty, he is a dangerous enemy, for the reason that to whatever he may or may not have of muscle, he adds the invincible factor of *morale*. Mr. St. John Adcock makes no secret—on the contrary, he is proud of the fact—that in the pre-war days he was a pacifist, and shared Mr. Zangwill's hatred of the "jungle gospel" of

> "Greatness that comes by Murder's gate,
> And glory by the all-red route."

"Songs of the World War" have therefore a psychological interest of their own, quite apart from their lyrical beauty. The hackneyed phrase, often so loosely employed, "a human document," is literally true of Mr, Adcock's book, for it is in a very real sense, the record of the evolution of a soul. Stirred as everyone must be by the noble opening devotional poem "Indifference," a casual reader may ask: "What has the author's religious experience to do with the War?" If he will read on, and read observingly, he will find that, varied and widely different, even heterogeneous, as the contents may seem, they combine, when seen in perspective, to make a picture which is homogeneous,

* "Songs of the World War." By A St. John Adcock. 1s. 6d. net. (Cecil Palmer & Hayward.)

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harmonious, and complete. The value of the book, apart from the beauty of the imagery, the lyric grace, and the "fundamental brainwork," which are everywhere evident, lies in the fact that the poems are not merely, as the title conveys, a patriot's songs of a war, which, please God, is nearing an end, but that they are also the outpourings of the soul of a true poet upon the deeper questions of Life and Death and Love, that endure while the world lasts.

The infamy that attaches to the authors of this war, the thought of the broken and bleeding bodies of men, the dishonoured bodies of defenceless Belgian women, the burning of thousands of homes, and the unthinkable anguish of little children, have moved Mr. Adcock, in many of these poems to a noble anger which scorches and withers like molten metal. But in the earlier section we find religious poems with what Mr. William Sharp once called the "sweetbrier simplicity" of the Quaker poet Whittier; love lyrics, so light, graceful and tender, as to recall Mr. Austin Dobson; and poems with such passionate love for the people, especially for the suffering, the sweated and the very poor, as to bring to mind William Morris's "Song of the Wind" in the London elm boughs:

"Hark! the March wind again of a people is telling
Of the life that they lead there so haggard and grim,
That if we and our love amid them had been dwelling
My fondness had faltered, thy beauty grown dim."

The writer of this notice never was—as Mr. Adcock was and is—a Socialist, but reading certain burning poems in this book, he asks himself whether the selfish, easeful lives that so many of us lead—lives in which we close our ears, shut our eyes, to the suffering and the misery around us, are not sins against our country, which make all our wartime talk and bluster of patriotism of little worth. Mr. Adcock convinces us that if, after the war, England is to regain her old place among the nations, she will, first of all, have to cleanse her own house, and to see to it that these ancient wrongs, of which he writes so passionately, shall be righted, lest a worse thing happen to her than a war with an enemy nation. In one nobly beautiful poem "The Outcast," he pictures Christ as revisiting this earth, and crying out in anguish at what He saw of the squalid misery of the poor in the richest city of the world:

"And in their costly churches
I am—to bring them balm—
But a painting on a window,
A Name in prayer and psalm."

Mr. Adcock calls to us, not only to conquer the enemy without our shores, but also the enemy within—the callous, cold-hearted indifference, which smugly, self-righteously attends church or chapel, while in many respects as far away from Christianity, as taught and practised by Christianity's Founder, as are the very heathen whom we seek to missionise. It is this note which is struck in the first section, "1913–14. The Peace of the Pacifist." Section Two is headed "The Pacifist Fights against War," and opens with a nobly human "Hymn after Battle," the note of which, as in Mr. Kipling's "Recessional," is not the exultation which comes of conquest, but the national humbling of themselves before God, of a chastened people. The second poem, entitled "The Soldier's Wife," is as pathetic as it is beautiful, and deserves a place in every War Anthology. The section closes with a fine Ode, "The Path of Peace," and looks forward to the time when war shall seem:

"By peaceful hearths, in some far-coming year,
A music that was discord heard too near."

The Third Section, "1915. The Pacifist Fights for Peace," is purely patriotic. Peace lover as the poet is he has come to see, with ex-President Roosevelt, that "Peace is normally a great good, and normally, it coincides with righteousness, but it is righteousness, not peace, which should bind the conscience of a nation, as it should bind the conscience of an individual. Neither a nation nor an individual can surrender conscience to another's keeping. Nothing would more promote iniquity, nothing would further defer the reign on earth of peace and righteousness than for a free and enlightened people, who, though with much stumbling, and many-shortcomings, nevertheless strive towards justice, deliberately to render themselves powerless, while leaving every despotism and barbarism armed and capable to work their wicked will." In the Third Section, the pacifist has, against his will, become a fighter, and accepts the situation with a grim humour and determination which are characteristic of the Briton with his back to the wall. In a striking poem, "A Letter from the Front," we read:

"Yet, dear or cheap, to fight and win,
That's the first right a Tommy knows:
We turned again, when dawn came in,
With fire and steel upon our foes.
And 'Charge!' the bugle screamed, and we
Were out and on them, swift and grim,
And every German I could see,
It's either him, thinks I, or me—
So it was him!"

There is no more compelling poem in Mr. Adcock's Third Section than the greatly daring vision of "Christ in the Trenches." A soldier sees his comrade fall dead, and One stooping beside the body. Then:

"But though His eyes be dark with pain and pity,
For sorrow veils the glory of His face,
He lifts the gun from the dead grasp, and, rising,
Fires in my comrade's place.

. . . And naught there seemed for doubt, and naught for wonder:
Be sure the strong and righteous hand that hurled
The money changers from His sullied Temple
Shall scourge the brood of hell from all His world."

Mr. Le Gallienne once said that an author's aura is always discernible in his writings, and in "Songs of the World War" we are conscious throughout of a strong, purposeful, faith-holding presence—the presence of one to whom all that is beautiful in nature (and there are many exquisite passages, many lovely imageries, which show the writer as a born nature-worshipper), is symbolical of a yet greater loveliness, a deeper truth, in the spiritual world. Here is the work, not only of a true poet, but also of a deep thinker, and for that reason it is work which uplifts, stimulates and gladdens, no less than it delights. Meredith once said something to the effect that it is always the shallow thinker who is life's pessimist, for to think deeply is to think not only hopefully, but with convinced and inspiring optimism.

"Songs of the World War" is the most notable and original volume of new poems that the year, thus far, has brought, and one may with safety predict that the first edition will soon be followed by a second, and—because much sought after by collectors—will become valuable and scarce, especially as the publishers have issued it in the daintiest of forms. In a sense, it is true that "Poetry has its own incommunicable magic, which is foolishness to the multitude," but here is one of those rare exceptions which will be prized not only by the ardent lover of verse, but also by thoughtful and patriotic women and men of all classes.

COULSON KERNAHAN.

"CHAPEL."*

Those seductive preliminary paragraphs from the publisher which mysteriously find their way into print had raised our hopes of this book very high, and we cannot help bearing a grudge against the author for entering into what seems to us to be none other than a dark conspiracy. It is safe to say that his title will be interpreted by the Welsh people (of whom the present writer is one) as indicating a study of that essentially Welsh institution—the Chapel. Welshmen are waiting for a national novelist to arise who will mould into a book the dramatic material which abounds in Welsh life. And what greater possibilities could exist than in the chapel life of Wales with its historic past and its future so challenging and menacing? Surely the chapel would have formed the most fitting

* "Chapel." By D. Miles Lewis. 6s. net. (Heinemann.)

background for the theme of the book, the clash of temperament in two generations. But Mr. Miles Lewis has disregarded this essentially national institution, and woven his story round the history of an old Welsh family named Chapel. He has reproduced with fidelity the atmosphere of the business life of Cardiff, with its opportunities of making and losing fortunes in a day and a night; but, then, Cardiff is a port, a cosmopolitan city, immensely interesting and rather surprisingly beautiful, but it is not the key to the heart of Wales. We believe this is a first novel, and we congratulate the author upon it. It is well written, and it has sufficient momentum in it to carry the reader triumphant to the last page. The story opens with the death of the wife of Josiah Chapel in childbirth. The effect it has on Josiah is to rouse him from a lethargy in which he accepts the bludgeonings of fate with a glum tolerance. A hereditary curse of drink has dragged "the family" down, and Josiah is the despair of his unpleasantly successful relations. The remainder

Mr. Miles Lewis.

of the book is occupied with the career of young Griff Chapel, who rouses his father's envy by the ease with which all life's prizes fall to him. The greatest prize of all is the old house at Wern which Griff eventually obtains along with the supplanter's daughter. The "strong, silent man" has a perfect riot of a time in "Chapel." We almost suspect that the author is in love with the type, for both father and son and uncles and friends carry all before them with their black looks and bad manners. Every true Welshman will thank the author from his heart for his mercifully sparing use of the little word "whatever," which only falls from the lips of the stage Welshman.

CHRIST MYSTICAL.*

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insight into the subject-general and its problems. As will appear in the course of this notice, her standpoint is by no means identical with my own, and though—unknown to one another—we have been working concurrently with much the same purpose in view, namely, to indicate that the way of the mystic has a message for us here and now, it is—to me, at least—a matter of curious interest to observe our distinctions of method, the points of contact amidst diversity, and where the subject is respectively left. One of the main problems presented by Christian Mysticism is the search after a satisfactory canon of criticism to determine the true offices of the Christ of Palestine in connection with the ultimate claim of mystical experience, being that of union between the soul and God. The position of Mrs. Herman in relation to this question is particularly clear and definite. The strength of the Christian mystic is for her an outcome of "faith in a crucified God," or—alternatively—is characterised by ardent personal devotion to a "crucified Redeemer." Such faith and such devotion are for her "central" to Mysticism. "The God of the Christian Mystic, at any rate, is, and has always been, a *Person* whom . . . more often than not, he completely identifies with the Saviour Christ." Again: "The heart of Mysticism . . . is its passionate personal apprehension of Jesus Christ the Redeemer." It will be observed that the slight qualification of the first extract has slipped away in the second. The point, therefore, arises whether in Mrs. Herman's view the content of Mysticism is, and must necessarily be, Christian, and whether anything which has been brought under this denomination from non-Christian sources must be set aside by Christians as such. It can be determined, however, only by way of inference. Some of us will remember the short road found in certain lectures by a Roman Catholic writer, the Rev. A. B. Sharpe, who affirmed that Christian mystical experience is the fruit of supernatural grace working in the soul, while non-Christian Mysticism—Vedantist, Buddhist, Sufic, and even, perhaps, Protestant—has been the fruit of drugs. We should not expect Mrs. Herman to echo or to vary this ingenuous trick of distinction, and I venture to doubt whether the line of argument can be welcome to discerning people within the great Church of which Mr. Sharpe is a member, and whose cause he thus strangely espouses. Mrs. Herman on her own part—except for a single allusion, and that at a very far distance—adopts a policy of silence, and follows therein the lead of contemporary Latinists, from the Passionist Father Devine to the Jesuit Father Poulain, not to speak of Abbé Lamballe and several recent writers.

For these, as for her, there might be no such witness in the world as Oriental Mysticism. My position is that this was intelligible enough when there was no scholarship of the subject, as in the days of the earlier expositors, from Antonius a Spiritu Sancto to Schram and Scaramelli. To ignore the other witness is now no longer possible. We have to recognise that a path was found and a term was reached in Divine Attainment and Union outside that path and term which are in Christ. I hold that Christian Mysticism is that which it claims to be, a real science of attainment, but I find nothing which can justify us in setting aside the records of the great Vedantic religion if we accept those of the Holy Catholic Church. When due allowance has been made for difference in the media, it will be found that the great people on both sides have certified to the one great thing in the same great way, and it is certain, therefore, that the exponents of Christian mystical knowledge must give good account of the fact that a source which is not Christian has co-existed beside theirs, and is, indeed, much older. If both are true sciences, there is an eirenicon possible between them, and I indicate here a great work of exposition and comparison which calls to be done. For myself, I can say only that the one term appears to have been known through the ages under many names, and that many masters have led the world into salvation. I do not believe for a moment that the imitation of Krishna has taken those who were born and bred under the ægis of this name through delusion to a false end, while the imitation of Christ is the one way which takes into truth and life. I should not be a Christian mystic if I were not very certain that the great name of all is Christ, but the mystery of union with Himself in God, which He came to teach and show, is of union with the Divine Word, and not with the mighty personal master Who is Jesus of Nazareth—Himself the primary example of that attained union. Here lies, as it seems to me, the way of that eirenicon of which I have spoken. The union attained in the Word is with God immanent in the universe and the human soul; and neither in the East nor the West has other Divine Term been achieved by man, whatever the variety in names, offices and formulæ. It is in the sense of such union —or by a mystical discernment of the body of our Lord—that the sacrament of the Holy Eucharist is the great *mysterium fidei*, while it may and does become, for those who are called and chosen, a communicating fountain of Divine Substance. Here also—as I believe—is the deeper side of that other mystery—but one of intimation and of rumour—concerning a Holy Assembly or Hidden Church of the elect, to which Mrs. Herman makes certain references. It is the Church of those who are in conscious union with Christ in God, and in that Holy Assembly I should look for Jesus of Nazareth to "walk" with the elect, as God walked with Adam in the cool of the eventide.

A. E. WAITE.

Novel Notes.

THE HOUSE OF WAR. By Marmaduke Pickthall. 6s. (Nash.)

"The House of War," Mr. Pickthall tells us, "was the designation given formerly to all those Christians of the countries conquered by the Muslims who declined to embrace El Islâm. . . . But the Christians of the Turkish Empire have now, for several generations, become a house of war in a much wider sense, a development to which the European missionaries, who come and go, have, often inadvertently, contributed." The author's prefatory note well indicates the theme of "The House of War," a novel in which Mr. Pickthall is inclined to allow his purpose to take precedence over his plot. Most emphatically he does not approve of Christian missions in Mahomedan countries, and so for the purposes of his story he has invented a heroine who is cold-blooded and almost incredibly pig-headed. Indeed, one finds it difficult to believe that so broad-minded a man as Fenn would have found anything to attract him in Elsie. Nevertheless, "The House of War" is an interesting, at times an exciting, story, and it is well worth reading for its vivid picture of life as it was lived by Europeans in the Near East before the declaration of war.

THE RIGHT DIVINE. By W. Harold Thomson. 6s. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

The publishers describe this novel as "a warm-hearted book, full of character and incident." We are glad to have the pleasure of agreeing for once with a "puff preliminary." "The Right Divine" is the exercise of merciful judgment, and in his exposition of this theme Mr. Thomson displays an engaging charity and broadmindedness. The story he tells is one that has had many counterparts in real life. The Rev. Stuart Hamilton, finding himself out of sympathy with the tenets of his church, abandons his profession and turns to literature and London. For this he is renounced by his bigoted father and his narrow-minded sweetheart. Mr. Thomson, in the course of his pleasant love-story, describes a certain stratum of London journalism with knowledge and great gusto, but his picture of the advertisement writer is considerably more convincing than that of

Mr. W. Harold Thomson.

the genial publisher, who is apparently a descendant of the Cheeryble Brothers. The book has crudities that Mr. Thomson will learn to eliminate, but it has truth and insight and good humour. It is no small thing to have written a novel on this topic free from cynicism and pessimism. More than his hero, Mr. Thomson deserves to "arrive."

THE PASSING OF NAHLA. By Bey Somerville. 6s. (Duckworth.)

Jean du Vallon was Anglo-French and with Egyptian blood in his veins. The desert fascinated him, and his means enabled him to gratify his caprice. Nahla is a little Egyptian foundling whom he adopts, and as the years pass the relationship changes and the guardian becomes the lover. Temper and ancestry augment Jean's passion, and Nahla is the beautiful embodiment of all the romance of Egypt. But there is another side to Jean's temperament. He is half in love with Paris and modern Bohemianism, and his moods are alternately swayed by the calls of East and West. When the wind blows from the West, Jean's love for Nahla turns almost to repulsion, and in such a mood he is eager to throw himself at the feet of the famous dancer, Caliera. For Nahla, child of the desert, there are no alternatives. Her love is her life, and she is ready to fight for it and die. She does both, but the victory is also hers. For though stricken almost to death by her revengeful hand, Jean gains by the passing of Nahla not love and liberty but loneliness and remorse. The story deals with a problem not unfamiliar to the novel-reader. Miss Somerville handles it with distinction and with a very commendable restraint.

KENT, THE FIGHTING MAN. By George Edgar. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)

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AN OUTRAGED SOCIETY. By A. Brownlow Fjorde. 6s. (George Allen & Unwin.)

Mr. Brownlow Fforde hugely enjoyed the writing of this simple-hearted humorous and wholesome book. Hence the pleasure derived by the reader is not unlike that of a traveller who, after a long tramp, regales himself with a long drink of home-brewed cider under the approving eye of the good wife whose manifest pride in her own brewing adds spice to the cup. Spindlesea, the scene of the comedy, a west country hive with Sylvia Lester as queen bee, justly resented Mr. Burger's intrusion. He was out of proportion to the place. His manners were Colonial, his style of dress—was his own. When arrayed in all his glory he wore a large frock-coat over a scarlet knitted waistcoat, and a spreading cravat of blue satin. Mr. Burger crowned this creation with a bowler hat. He wore no gloves. His wooing of Jane Greyling (a most delightful and original character), and her subsequent surrender, makes very pleasant reading. The obstacles in the way were Jane's pride, her mother's prejudice, and Miss Pepperly's caustic tongue. But it all came right in the end, for it all happened before the war, in those good old days when subalterns came home on furlough from India and lads like Jimmy Fergusson rolled round the world without gathering any moss. This novel will be in great demand and should certainly enhance Mr. Fforde's reputation.

A CORNER IN DIAMONDS. By Morice Gerard. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

The particular diamond that lends its lustre to Mr. Gerard's new mystery novel is a magnificent stone priced at something like thirty thousand pounds. After being imprisoned for twenty years in a bank's strong-room, it appears for a brief but brilliant period at a Park Lane ball, where it sparkles wickedly on the shoulder of Lord Beauvrai's beautiful daughter, Geraldine. Its disappearance is at once the sensation of the ball and the opportunity that Captain Clive Bellairs is waiting for. Suspicion fastens on Geraldine's two Tango partners, and the story tells in a pleasantly exciting manner how Bellairs and his detective friend, Legrove, follow these two trails. One trail leads to Stark Castle, and the discovery of the diamond thief, the other to Chelsea Embankment and—but to tell more would be unfair both to author and reader. It is a briskly-moving, interesting story, written with all Mr. Gerard's accustomed skill.

AFTERTHOUGHTS. By Mary Openshaw. 6s. (Simpkin.)

This is the story of a beautiful, heartless maiden of the crinolined eighteen-fifty days. So well portrayed is Delia Beeching, that while we cannot admire her character, yet we are made to feel her picturesque fascination and charm. "Some people need other people to make them happy and some people only want *things*," says Delia's little sister to the young Quaker whom Delia has become engaged to in a moment of ennui, and whom she afterwards jilts. Delia is certainly one of those people who are happy with things, so long as the things are jewels and fine clothes and a presentation at Court. For these, she marries a Lord—half a century older than herself, and leaves her handsome Quaker lover to get over the shock as best he can. Her first introduction into the Quaker household and the contrast of her "frenchified" ways with those of the Friends, is vividly described. It is an entertaining story, containing many dramatic incidents, which lead up to a strong and realistic climax. The author's way of telling the tale, and her occasional shrewd comments, go far towards making "Afterthoughts" an entirely successful piece of work.

THE CRIMSON FIELD. Halliwell Sutcliffe. 6s. net. (Ward, Lock.)

The glamour of the past pales to insignificance before the poignancy of the present. We are living through the greatest war of all time; the roar of guns ceases not day or night; the casualty list casts its lengthening shadow over the whole land and a great harvest of tragedy is ripe for the sickle. In comparison the echo of arms from long-forgotten Border feuds rings faint and unreal. "Do not read History to me," said Napoleon, "for that I know is false"; and it is hard, indeed, to realise that pike and bow were not always stage properties, but were once the weapons of living warfare. In his new novel Mr. Sutcliffe describes the events which led up to the muster of troops, the march across the Border, and the great battle that crimsoned Flodden Field with the blood of brave men of two nations, Scotch and English, more than four hundred years ago. Into this setting is fitted the romance of Sylvester Demaine, the young yeoman, who dared to raise his eyes to the level of Mistress Percival, but was bidden by her proud father to win his spurs ere he presumed to touch her hand. Of course he did so, as a novel-hero should do, "by gallantry beyond the strength of two usual men." Although the characterisation is somewhat vague with no clear outlines of personality, the book is pleasurably written, and will find many appreciative readers.

THE MAMMOTH. By Stanley Portal Hyatt. 6s. (Werner Laurie.)

Perceval Gibbon has given us vivid reading concerning the life of Mozambique, and Stanley Hyatt has also taught stay-at-homes something of the wonders of that tract of country where nature would seem to have set her ban on European occupation. Yet Portuguese East Africa remains a practically undiscovered country of romance in spite of the wealth of material which here awaits the story-writer. The "Mammoth"—the posthumous work of Stanley Portal Hyatt—is a story showing the corroding influence of gold on the human character, a phenomenon well known to all of us who have sojourned in mining camps. Yet this is not entirely a "digger" story, for the scene is laid partly in London where John Seton, the consulting engineer, was forced to leave his fiancée with

her impossibly horrible mother, and partly in Africa where he goes to report on the Mammoth gold mine. It is a story full of surprising developments; and although John Seton may be a trifle stupid—yet who wants a brainy hero?—the plot is well worked out, and the descriptions of Portuguese East Africa are excellent. One seems actually to see the moist heat over the mangrove swamps and the unending jungle haunted by the tse-tse fly.

THE DOUGLAS ROMANCE. By Douglas Sladen. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

Mr. Sladen can always be trusted to tell a good story. But he also refuses in his genial fashion to travel dull or familiar paths. He believes, that is to say, in telling a tale about people, situations, incidents, that is topical, even at times ephemeral. He does so with unfailing zest, and pleasant ease and equanimity. In "The Douglas Romance" he has resurrected, or more truly created, a descendant of the famous Black Douglas. This gallant young man falls in love with his second cousin Mirabel Douglas, the heroine, and the star of the Babylon Theatre. She is, to her intense dissatisfaction, married to the owner of the theatre, Oliver Gray, Junior, for which, by the way, she has her own ambition entirely to blame. Mr. Sladen has struggled heroically, but he has not convinced us that Mirabel is far removed from common clay, a statement one can only write about a heroine with mortification and bent head. Musical comedy, green rooms, midnight suppers, are suddenly swept aside by the outbreak of War. Mr. Sladen writes vigorously of the battle scenes at the front, and with a warm admiration for the gallant officers who, laying aside the trivialities of tinsel and paint, challenged death with the spirit of the great Douglas, whose name hovers over the book like a shadow of old achievement. Archie Douglas falls at the head of his men, and Oliver Gray returns crippled to find that Mirabel is broken-hearted with vain regrets that the House of Douglas is left without an heir. Mr. Sladen has been, in our opinion, rather overwhelmed by Mirabel. We are ready to take his word that her actual conduct is no guide to her inner character, but the facts as he records them point with an unswerving finger to a nature so immoral and petty that it will allow her to marry a man she detests, and not merely do that, but lay conditions upon him that are infinitely worse than any open indiscretion. That she is commercial, selfish, hard, is so apparent as to make us pity Oliver Gray. But we are ready to be assured that all is well, and we know that Mr. Sladen's large public will thank him for another lively and topical story.

The Bookman's Table.

WAR LETTERS OF AN AMERICAN WOMAN. By Marie van Vorst. 5s. net. (John Lane.)

Miss Van Vorst, if we remember rightly, like her sister, has done so much good journalism and fiction that readers will be prepared for the force and directness and humanity of this record of work done as a war nurse. A deeply-sentient woman who had made her home in France for twenty-five years, and was proud of the French blood in her veins, was bound to take sides with the cause of liberation, but there are few American writers who have given so free and full a voice to the faith that is in them as to the rights and wrongs of this iniquitous war. When it broke on Paris, the author was proceeding to Italy for a holiday, but the blow drove her to London in charge of her mother, and her notes on the attitude of the English people are charged with hot sympathy and admiration. Presently she returned to Paris, and enlisted on the staff

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of the American Ambulance Corps at Neuilly under Mrs. Vanderbilt, and the rest of the book is a rapid panorama of movement and good work. Those who want to see the mercy side of war, through the eyes of a keenly-observant and richly-articulate woman, who is practical as well as emotional, will find it here set forth in a candid and intimate way that is not to be obtained in journalism of the censored order. Her publisher has been wise and spirited enough to give her a free rein in this respect, even where it raises a smile against himself; but it does not need the inclusion of artless asides and outbursts to convince any reader that these letters are precisely what the title of the book implies—the confidences of a woman who has played an active and an admirable part through the worst of the Red Cross and service work in France during many months of the campaign. There are parts like the account of the gangrene wards and the operating theatres at the base which are almost too painful for print, but, after all, they do but realise what every apprehensive and susceptible reader of the war-news must have conjured up for himself, and not one reader in a thousand, or a hundred thousand, is equal to visualising the effects that our author here obtains in a few swift and certain strokes. Here is a vignette which remains fast upon the memory; it describes an experience of unexpected emergency-nursing aboard a Channel steamer thronged with refugees:

"Miss Wells is, of course, a regular nurse, but Madelon knows little more about the birth of children than you do. Yet the baby was born, and Madelon received it, washed it in a steamboat cuspidor, holding it between her knees, and powdered it with tooth powder. Miss Wells says that she will never forget it as long as she lives—that morsel of humanity, holding with its tiny little hands on to the edges of the cuspidor."

It is part of the charm—and the relief—of this book that Miss Vorst found herself repeatedly on the move from place to place. Glimpses of London in war-time help to vary the scene and relieve the tension of a remarkable piece of war evidence. This, and other reasons, explain why what might easily have been a painful and oppressive record is an engrossing and deeply satisfying book.

PLEASURES AND PALACES. By Princess Lazarovich Hrebelianovich. 10s. 6d. net. (Eveleigh Nash.)

"I was a rank American," writes the Princess Lazarovich, "as tart as any green apple in my ideas of independence." It is the sympathy with democracy, coupled with the artist's appreciation of that which is best in aristocracy, that makes these memoirs so interesting to read. Before her marriage to a Serbian Prince, the Princess Lazarovich, was Miss Eleanor Calhoun, a Californian lady, and an actress of great note during the late Victorian era. Carefully and charmingly written, "Pleasures and Palaces" (an unattractive title for this attractive book) concerns many distinguished people, and numerous palaces and famous houses. The author seems to have met almost every prominent personage inside and outside of the Royal Court, and has some pleasant memory to record of each. There are interesting paragraphs about Browning, Whistler, Victor Hugo, Henry James, Bernard Shaw, and many another: her friendships with distinguished women of the day appear to have been very real and sincere. The record of her stage career includes an interesting chapter on her rendition of Lady Macbeth at Stratford-on-Avon during one memorial week. Every character was taken by some well-known actor, such actors as Oscar Asche and Lily Brayton playing two of the witches. Towards the close of the memoirs we get some vivid glimpses into Serbian life, and the last chapter deals with a seance held by the late Mr. W. T. Stead, and a renowned prophecy concerning the future of Serbia. The book is illustrated with numerous photographs and drawings.

Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. DIGBY, LONG & CO.

There is a lesson in **Plain William,** by Sadi Grant (6s.), a lesson for the well-to-do who fail to recognise the duty they owe to their children by bringing them up without purpose or interest in life, dooming them to drift through days and years of dreary uselessness to all around them, of dull monotony to themselves. Such an existence Dorinda Marson's promises to be, but her impulsive, independent nature revolts against it, and thirsting for adventure, in her innocence and ignorance she throws herself into a very unpleasant situation, and finds herself secretly tied for life to a man she does not love, and whom she considers far beneath her in the social scale. The result of this unhappy union is tragedy and bloodshed, but Dorinda is saved from the disgrace of scandal by her unselfish, chivalrous cousin, William Peel—Plain William. Even then the girl has not paid in full for her foolish action, and the fruits of her escapade are very bitter. The story is well told and full of unusual incidents, and withal makes an interesting and enjoyable novel.

MESSRS. ALLEN & UNWIN.

In **The Murder of Nurse Cavell** (1s. net) Dr. Charles Sarolea gives poignant utterance to the sorrow and expresses the flaming indignation that was aroused in British hearts by the infamous murder of Nurse Cavell last autumn. He goes over the case again in detail, analysing it carefully, and asserting that of the thirty-four prisoners accused and tried with her, the Englishwoman was singled out for execution solely because of her nationality, as a chosen victim of the hatred felt by the Germans against the race from which she sprang. At the conclusion is given the correspondence which passed between the American Ambassador and various influential persons before and after the trial. The whole thing is briefly but powerfully set forth, and will be a lasting testimony to the bravery of the noble woman whose immortal story it has been written to commemorate.

MESSRS. HODDER & STOUGHTON.

"With the Immortal Seventh Division" (2s. 6d. net) is the title given to a collection of short papers written by the late Rev. E. J. Kennedy, Chaplain-Major to the Expeditionary Force. The lovable personality of the writer endues the book with liveliness and charm, nowhere better shown than in the "Chapter of Incidents" where the writer deals principally with the British "Tommy's" sense of humour. In its more serious aspect the book gives an admirable impression of the work of the Army Chaplain.

MESSRS. HURST & BLACKETT, LTD.

In **"Love and War"** (6s.) Miss Violet Tweedale deals with a conscientious objector of rather an unusual type. Lord Cressingham has won the V.C. in South Africa, but his feelings are so strong that at the beginning of the present war he prefers to place himself in a very awkward position rather than go and fight. The gradual change in his outlook—owing to which he dies on the field of honour as un unknown trooper—is sympathetically described by Miss Tweedale, who also deals competently with the many side issues of the book, ranging from the love of the title to German spies and modern British politics.

MESSRS. CASSELL & CO.

Miss Nina Toye, whose work we do not remember to have met before, has written a strenuous and exciting novel in **"The Death Rider"** (6s.) The period of Pope Julius II. is one which lends itself to picturesque treatment, particularly if the author has had the wisdom to lay his scenes in Rome and Florence, as Miss Toye has done. So the reader will find himself whisked from scenes of revelry to others of love or of romantic fighting—for fighting was romantic then. It is all rather breathless, but the experience is well worth having—and Miss Toye's future work is likewise well worth watching.

MESSRS. ANDREW MELROSE, LTD.

In the dedication of **"Sacrifice"** (6s.), Mlle. Marcelle Tinayre tells us that none of her books "owes less to imagination or contains less of literary craft." It is for this very reason, perhaps, that it impresses the reader as peculiarly poignant and truthful. It depicts, in the simplest of language, the emotions of a young wife, living in Paris, during the forty-eight hours from the 31st of July to the 2nd of August, 1914. Sentiment is in no way over-strained, but the book is the most pathetic we have read of the many novels dealing with the war. The English translation by Miss Harriet M. Capes makes admirable reading.

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